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JUNE 21, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Invincible Ignorance of Lou Harris

Keep Your Eye On the Middle

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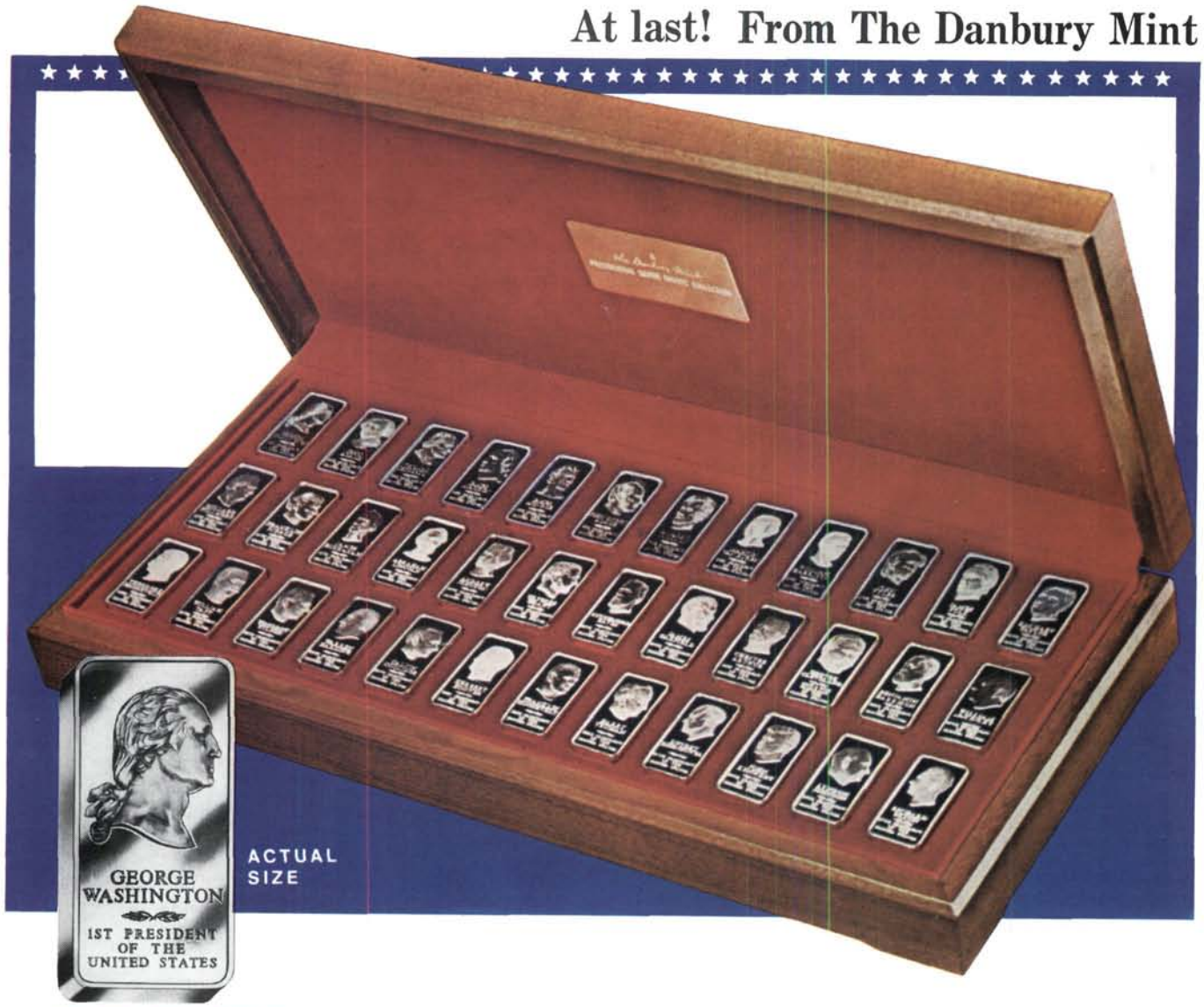

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One-ounce silver bars — everyone is talking about them, reading about them and collecting them. Until now, however, the one-ounce silver bars available to collectors have been more like novelty items than real examples of fine medallic art. Their quality has been less than perfect. Their subject matter has often lacked true significance. Now this is changed in a stroke! The Danbury Mint announces that its *Presidential Silver Ingots* are available in a one-ounce silver bar edition.

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Never before has it been possible to acquire a complete Presidential collection in one-ounce silver bars. Never before has it been possible to acquire one-ounce silver bars from The Danbury Mint.

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The premiere features of this collection are of keen interest to knowledgeable collectors. And for good reason. First issues have historically been among the most sought after of all collector items. First issues do not occur often, and each one can happen only once. The uniqueness of premiere issues creates strong collector interest and demand.

The Danbury Mint's first issue in one-ounce silver bars assumes particular significance because of its position of leadership in the art ingot field. The Danbury Mint was first to

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... a series of one-ounce silver bars worthy of being called ingots

introduce 10 oz. and 5 oz. silver proof ingots and to date has issued more of these than any private or governmental mint in the world.

Now, The Danbury Mint brings its long respected experience and talents to the fastest growing field in medallic art—one-ounce silver bars. The result is a collection of unsurpassed art and craftsmanship.

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The Danbury Mint offers subscribers this unqualified guarantee:

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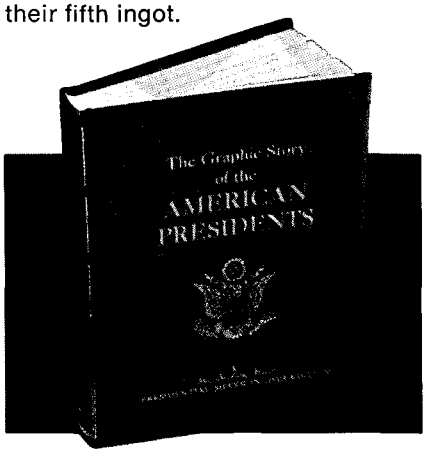

Display Chest • Each chest is constructed of fine hardwood to provide lasting durability and an impressive appearance. These hand-constructed chests exemplify the age-old art of fine cabinetry. The chest is custom designed to store your entire collection and will serve as a handsome furniture piece you can display with pride. The display chest will be issued with the third ingot.

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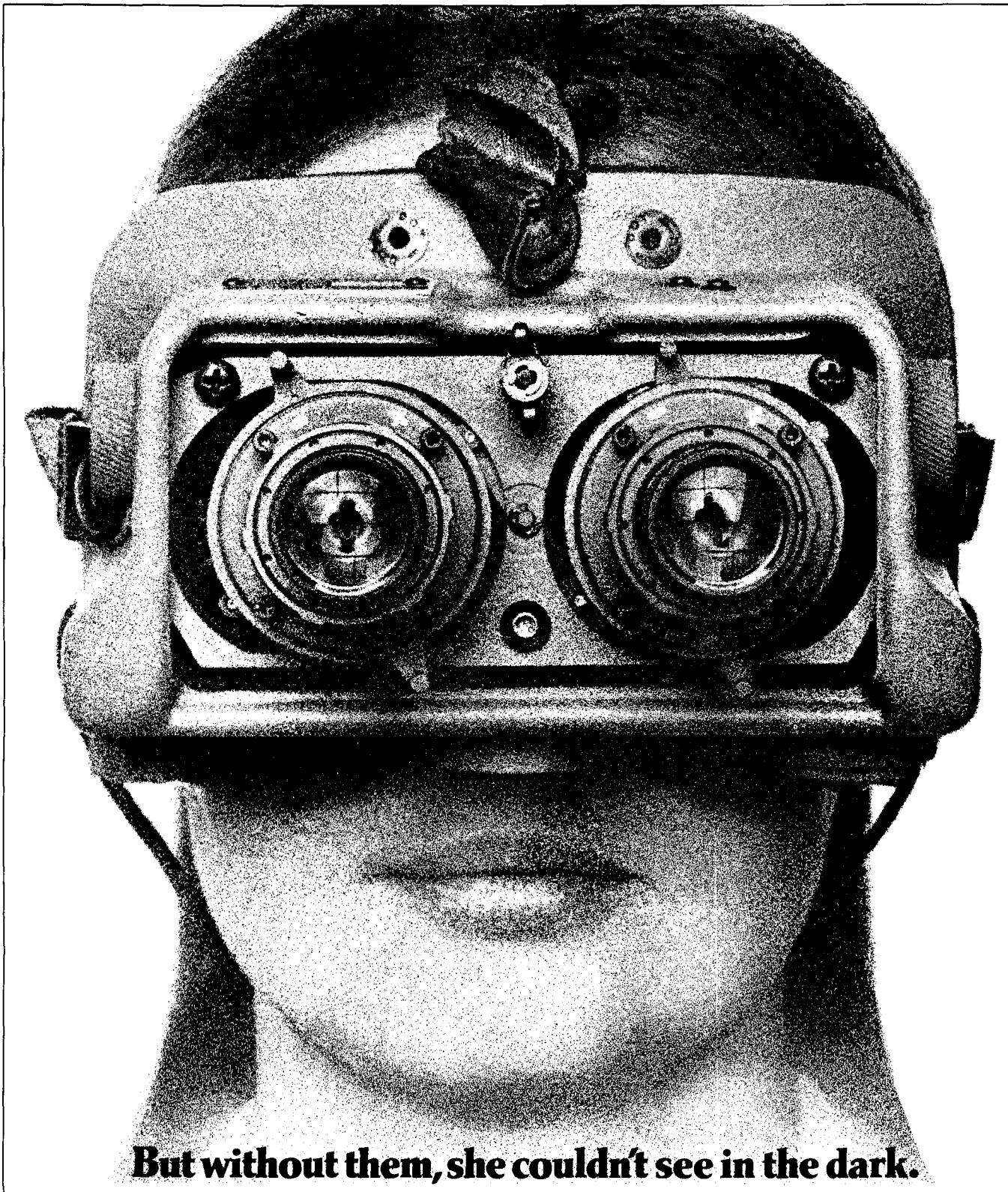

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 25 JUNE 21, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **John W. Bowling**—associate professor in the Department of History and Social Sciences at Alabama's Troy State University, an institution mentioned in these pages by Russell Kirk last October—is positively pessimistic about the Middle East, in spite of everything you've been reading in the newspapers. Professor Bowling has appeared in these pages before: six years ago we published "The Making of a Myth," by Cecil Osbaine. In fact, as we can now reveal, the author was John Bowling, who retired from the Foreign Service last January. . . . **Alan Reynolds**, *NR*'s house economist, was described recently by his editor in a characteristic fit of enthusiasm as "a young man who was born to understand economics even as Vladimir Horowitz was born to play the piano." In his piece, Mr. Reynolds comes to Milton Friedman's aid. . . . For years South American generals have been thought, and not without some justification says **Robert Peter**, to have come from a single mold. But it's not true any more. . . . **James L. Payne** will tell you the difference between polls and elections, and how to tell the good polls from the bad ones, assuming you can find both varieties. Professor Payne has degrees from Oberlin and the University of California, and has taught at Wesleyan, Yale, and Johns Hopkins. . . . Mr. **Dennis Fagan** writes a devilishly clever little tale without advertisements. . . . Regular columnist **Gerhart Niemeyer** explains, *inter alia*, one of the significances of 1933. . . . And read **William Gribbin** on pollution—from government, for children, by adults.

—DO

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Photo by Jan Lukas

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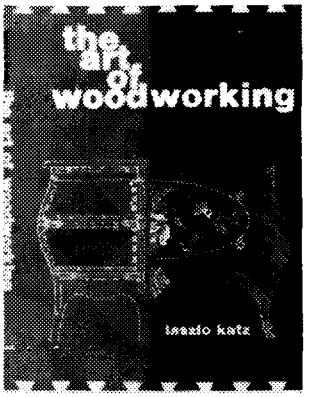

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Letters

Senator Brock's Plan

For a congressman nowadays to produce something as clear and rational as William E. Brock's health insurance plan ["National Health Insurance Made Easy," June 7] takes the breath away. Really, invincible ignorance is the only explanation this side of out-and-out wickedness for the other national health insurance plans I have seen. Whereas Senator Brock's would really help anyone unfortunate enough to be struck by a serious illness, without overburdening the taxpayer, the Kennedy plan (to choose the one likeliest to pass) is the worst of both worlds: it would cost the earth; it leaves enough uncovered that one would be safer having private insurance as well; and it would add intolerably to the accumulation of bureaucrats.

Instead of just regarding Senator Brock's plan as theoretically instructive, conservatives in and out of Congress should get behind it and *push*.

Baltimore, Md. ELIZABETH EMERSON

Don't Worry

I was most alarmed to see NATIONAL REVIEW quote a "prestigious not to say stuffy firm" of London stockbrokers as giving a 40 per cent chance of a military coup in England in three to ten years' time ["The Week," April 12].

It really got me wondering what Queen Elizabeth II—or would it be King Charles III?—will be doing, since the Army takes an oath to the Sovereign and the Sovereign takes an oath to govern this realm according to its laws and customs; which do not include military takeovers but do include the Magna Carta.

Then I felt I didn't have to worry. A glance at my bank account confirmed that stockbrokers, even prestigious stuffy ones, have never been all that good at foretelling what would happen in three to ten or even one year's time.

London GEORGE EDINGER

If Not, Not

The Second Vatican Council and its aftermath are too painful for some, too foreign for others, too large for nearly everyone to wrap words around. Will Herberg's article ["Getting Back to Vatican II," March 29] will not truly be writable until a decade of healing time and perhaps a dozen exploratory, how-we-lived-through-it novels have settled in the brain. In the meantime, Herberg deserves credit for trying.

I have two comments. First, the ecumenical convergence that he sees was one thing in Europe and another in the United States. In this country, the Council coincided—perhaps accidentally, perhaps not—with the arrival of Roman Catholics on the American political scene and their adoption thereupon of the dominant, Protestant modes of religious belief and practice. From a distance—from, say, a Japanese Buddhist vantage—American Protestants would hardly seem to have adopted much from Catholicism in the Sixties. The traffic was all the other way, and as a result, the current Catholic consciousness—malaise rippled by an occasional *frisson* of Pentecostalism—is as Protestant as the vernacular liturgy.

Second, in those Catholic thinkers for whom ecumenical peace has not been the right deed for the wrong reason, the post-Conciliar years may see the resumption of a conversation abandoned when Luther knocked on the door; the conversation, namely, between Christianity and pagan philosophy, or as it must now be, between religion and science. The "singing nun" of the Sixties chirped, "*Dominique, -nique, -nique combattait les Albigeois*," but in fact Dominic—or at least Thomas—was more concerned with Averroës and Aristotle than with the good-hearted Albigensians. The same, alas, could not be said three centuries later; and as invective flew across the Alps, the "third force" which Herberg mentions in passing, secular philosophy growing toward secular science, grew until it dwarfed Albigensian and Dominican, Protestant and Catholic. No religious dialogue is worth tarrying with but that between the third force and the first two. If the Council proves to have made that dialogue possible, it will indeed "have cast its shadow over the world." And if not, then, I think, probably not.

Chicago, Ill. JOHN A. MILES JR.

Thrust . . .

Paul McGouldrick ["What You Shouldn't Know about Economics," May 10] has distorted John Keynes, misinterpreted his critics, and painted a misleading picture

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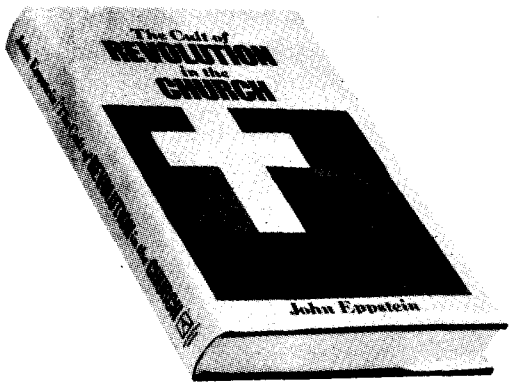

In the Christian churches today, revolutionaries have seized the moral initiative. Where once the churches were a force for stability and against revolution, they are now on the defensive, in disarray. For the first time, a ranking Christian thinker weighs the advocates of revolution—and especially, looks at their claim to moral superiority in the light of traditional Christian morality.

John Eppstein focuses on his own Roman Catholic Church. He allows eminent Catholic apologists for revolution like Bishop Camara and Abbe Comblin to state their case. Then he picks it apart, drawing on Scripture, papal teaching and Catholic writers through the ages.

Mr. Eppstein refuses to dodge the difficulties in his position, notably some recent papal statements that have encouraged Marxist as well as Catholic revolutionaries. How can these papal utterances be reconciled with traditional Catholic teaching? Mr. Eppstein's analysis is sophisticated, his observations balanced and assured.

After this book, revolutionaries in the Catholic Church can no longer assume that the tides of history will flow their way.

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of the scientific status of monetarism.

Keynes's explanation of price and wage rigidity went beyond the special role of "unions, monopolies, and governments" to encompass a far more general phenomenon involved in the dynamics of price determination. This is the transmission of information, the "search costs" that make it difficult to know (in the short run, at least) where the competitive equilibrium price lies (vide the work of Alchian, Stigler, and Leijonhufvud, author of *On Keynesian Economics and the Economics of Keynes*).

Franco Modigliani found wage rigidity a necessary condition for unemployment, but he did not demonstrate that it was sufficient. An economy in stable full employment whose absolute wage level suddenly rigidifies does not at that instant lapse into unemployment. Various disturbances have first to be imposed on the system. It was Keynes's insight that if the demand for money behaved as he thought it did (i.e., was functionally related to the prices and yields of nonmonetary assets), then a very broad variety of disturbances, including many that would otherwise be quite neutral in their effects, would, in the presence of wage rigidity, lead to unemployment.

Keynes did not assume an actually prevailing insatiable demand for "money hoards" at low interest rates, and Keynesianism scarcely depends on such an assumption.

Whether workers will permit their real wages to be deflated by inflation depends on the stage of the business cycle and the state of the labor market. The recent experience of Edward Heath's Britain has absolutely no bearing on Keynes's insight that price level changes can be, and sometimes are, usefully substituted for money wage rate changes (for example, in offsetting the unemployment effects of increases in the minimum wage).

The studies of the St. Louis Fed have been singularly unsuccessful in persuading economists that government spending has less inflationary impact on the economy than do changes in the money stock. Milton Friedman himself reminds us (in his *Newsweek* column of January 29, 1973) that government deficits contribute to inflation by raising interest rates and thereby the *velocity* of money (as well as by inducing the Fed to finance the deficit and hence create additional money).

Economists influenced by Hayek, von Mises, Keynes, and their common ances-

(Continues on page 679)

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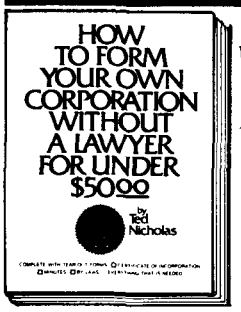

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A poll of the 18 Republican governors in Seattle last week found only one, retiring Gov. **Tom McCall** of Oregon, in favor of President **Nixon**'s resignation ("he should not put us through the agony of impeachment and trial"). The other 17 opted for the impeachment route. . . . *Editorials on File* (it's a magazine) shows 32 of the nation's leading 125 newspapers (that's one quarter) favoring the President's resignation; 15 have come out for impeachment. . . . A *National Observer* poll of its own largely business-oriented readers brought in nearly 20,000 responses: 58.5 per cent said the **Watergate** controversy should be settled by a House vote clearing Nixon; 41.5 per cent felt the House should vote impeachment and send Nixon to Senate trial. . . . A brand new *Washington Post* survey shows the Senate would fail to impeach Nixon at this time by a margin of 12 to 17 votes, but the survey also finds a slippage in the Nixon forces of five to ten votes in the last couple of months. . . . Sen. **Robert Byrd** (W. Va.), the Democratic Whip, says that if it looks as if the vote won't come until late October he would favor postponing it rather than have it put "undesirable and unfair pressure" on senators running for reelection. . . . It is the opinion of **Evans & Novak** that the various timetables for impeachment are about "as reliable as the Long Island Railroad." . . . **Art Buchwald**, speaker at the Holy Cross College commencement (Buchwald admits he worships "the quicksand" Nixon walks on), told the graduates that a stenographer can only get a job in Washington these days if she "can erase 120 words a minute."

■ Major split developing on the Hill over wisdom of Nixon's Moscow trip. Senate Majority and Minority Leaders **Mike Mansfield** and **Hugh Scott** favor the Summit as does Sen. **Edward Kennedy** ("[the anti-Summit drive] is simplistic and dangerous"). . . . But Sen. **Edward Brooke** (R., Mass.) joins Sen. **James Buckley** in feeling that the Kremlin might, in Brooke's words, "seek undue advantage of a weakened President who desperately needs a dramatic gesture to counterbalance his political liabilities." . . . The well informed *Aviation Week & Space Technology* reports that the **Soviets** are demanding "the scrapping of the B-1 supersonic bomber, the Trident SLBM and a rollback of current Navy carrier-based and United States Air Force strike aircraft equipped with nuclear weapons" as the price for future negotiations on limitation of strategic arms.

Punch Rothco

"The Rooneys, Murphys, Ryans, O'Connors, and McGraths all coming—it's a bomb swapping party."

■ Sen. **John Sparkman** (D., Ala.), who will succeed **William Fulbright** as chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, says he believes "in a strong national defense, but I don't think that justifies being called a hawk." . . . Incidentally, Fulbright aide **Lee Williams** blames new federal campaign spending laws in part for Fulbright's lopsided defeat. If Fulbright had been permitted to spend more on a last minute TV blitz, the race would certainly have been closer, he says. Under the new law $94,000 was all Fulbright could spend on TV and radio. . . . Sen. **George Aiken** (Vt.), the retiring senior Republican on the Foreign Affairs Committee, blames the ineffectiveness of the body in recent years in part on fact that too many presidential contenders are on it (**Humphrey**, **McGovern**, **Muskie**, among them).

■ The old tease. When **Alger Hiss** was asked at University of Virginia the other night where he stood in the New Deal, he replied: "As far left as it was possible to go." . . . The University of Chicago student government has suspended a chapter of the SDS for preventing **Edward Banfield** (*The Unheavenly City*) from addressing a university audience in March. The SDS charged Banfield was a racist, a charge the AP repeated in its news story and then corrected—ten days later. . . . Papers found in the ruins of the SLA hideout in Los Angeles indicate the Symbionese leaders trusted **Tania** (**Patty Hearst**) enough to leave her on guard alone at night. Also found, some bullets doused with cyanide similar to the bullets that killed Oakland Board of Education Superintendent **Marcus Foster** last November. . . . Predictable: the **Berkeley** campus has blossomed with "Viva SLA" and "Cinque Lives" posters.

■ Milestone for **Women's Lib**. Hereafter the California Employment Service will advertise "Person Friday" positions instead of "Girl Friday."

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(Continued from page 676)

tor, Wicksell, will favor a more selective use of monetary policy than the monetarist prescription for a constant growth rate of money. Interest rates are also a legitimate instrument of policy, though not in the naive sense of trying to stabilize them, as the Federal Reserve sometimes appears to do.

Keynes's theoretical structure is an indispensable tool for providing the stable aggregate environment in which free markets and individual freedom can flourish. Libertarians have been aware of this at least since the publication of John Jewkes's *Ordeal by Planning*. One need not accept Keynes's choice of government spending as the stabilizer in order to appreciate the basic soundness of his general theoretical model.

West Lafayette, Ind. GEORGE HORWICH
Professor of Economics
Purdue University

. . . Parry

After promising the cannon's roar, Professor Horwich has only set off a succession of damp squibs. In order, and by paragraph:

1. Search costs explain why wage adjustments lag behind changes in prices or demand for particular grades of labor. But the economists cited offer no grounds to believe that the lag is not fully made up eventually. Classroom Keynesianism, however, specifies a *permanent* fall in real wages as a result of inflation.

2. The classics attacked by Keynes always held that wage rigidity would lead to unemployment once a disturbance occurred in the system; so there is no disagreement between him and them on this point. The difference, instead, is Keynes's insistence that cuts in money wages would not subsequently end unemployment because of the feedback of the cuts on liquidity preference.

3. Classroom C+I+G models do assume a highly elastic demand for money, even regardless of the level of interest rates. Moreover, Keynes held that liquidity preference, while not absolute, was very high in a developed economy. What's the difference?

4. During "stop" periods of the stop-go cycle in macroeconomic policy, union wage demands have *not* abated since the early 1960s. In fact, there has even been a recent tendency for unions to raise their wage demands above normal levels when the economy is depressed, partly to restore cuts in real wages incurred during the previous "go" phase and partly to show the Keynesian policymakers that labor knows their tricks and is not impressed.

5. The Friedman column was about short run matters; and everyone agrees that budget deficits initially cause some dishoarding of money balances in re-

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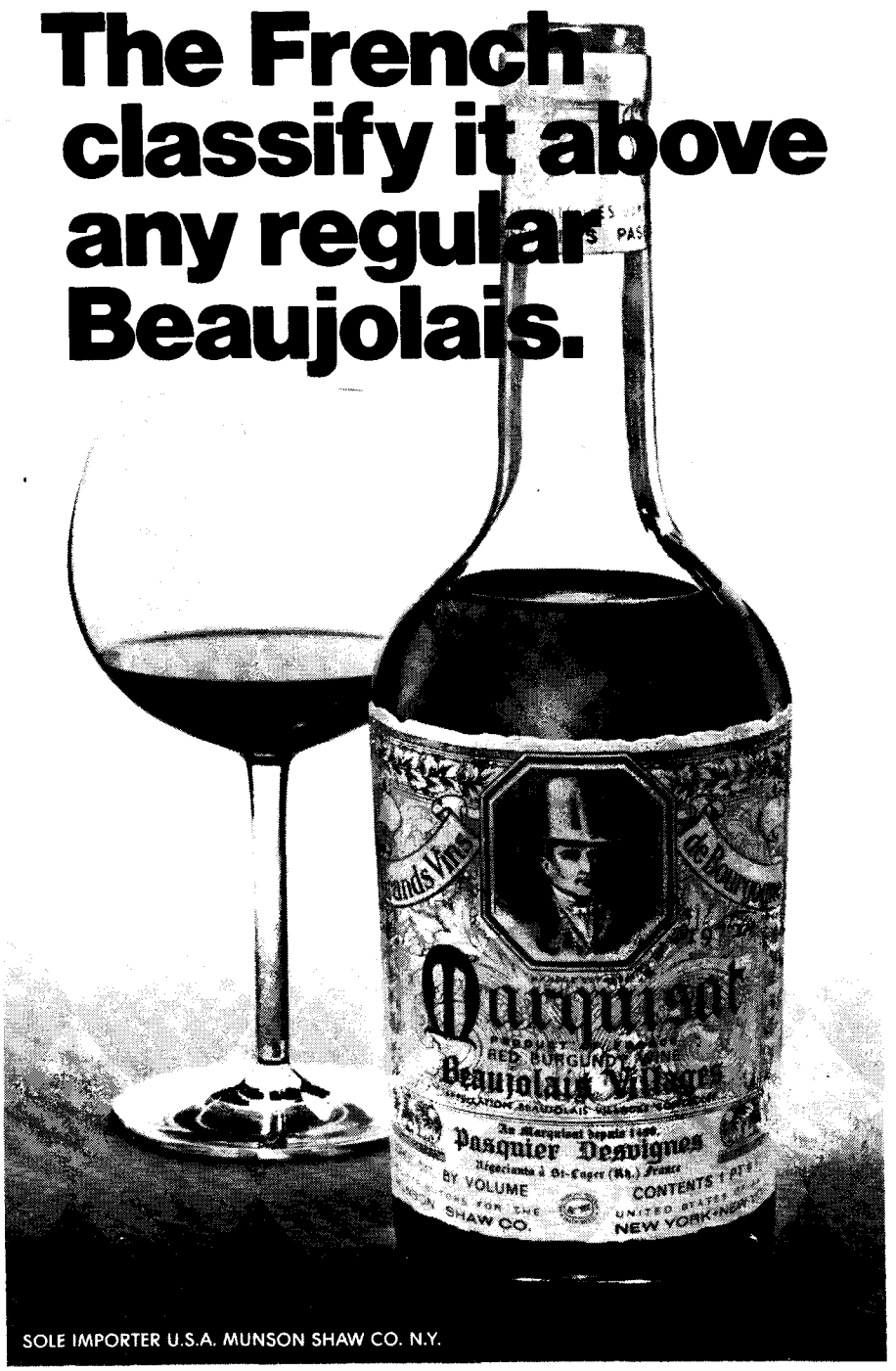

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sponse to higher interest rates. But after that, interest rates fall as private borrowing and spending is cut back, and money velocity declines again. The St. Louis Bank model of the economy implicitly assumes full crowding out of private after-tax spending by budget deficits—and the model's predictive results have been good.

6. Observe not what economists say but what economists do. Two developments: the Federal Reserve Board has largely substituted monetary aggregates for interest rates and net free reserves as targets of monetary policy; and macroeconomics of the conventional neo-Keynesian kind is inspiring much less research than it used to.

7. Despite the length and variability of lags of economic activity behind money supply changes, I would agree with Mr. Horwich if it were not for the political factor. Policymakers' errors tend to cause political reactions of a reinforcing type (for example, mistakes on the side of monetary ease cause inflation and high interest rates, and these cause pressures to ease the money supply even further when tightening is needed).

8. John Jewkes was a Keynesian conservative; so was David McCord Wright. What matters is not the political purity of the user of theoretical tools, but the quality of the tools.

Binghamton, N.Y. PAUL MCGOULDRICK

Quibbles

In his column entitled "Root Beer" [April 26], George F. Will states categorically: "As far as is known, the only other person in Christendom who consumes cottage cheese thus drenched [with catsup] is Richard Nixon." Meet Miss Virginia A. Stoddart, who drenches *her* cottage cheese in catsup. How the hell *else* can you swallow that insipid white slop?

I've even been known to wash the stuff down with Fresca, Tab, or Diet 7-Up if root beer was not at hand. I do hope my landlady and my boss and the tax collector won't impeach me for such mortification of the flesh.

It does make me beam with pride, though, to know that I share such refinements of the palate with the President and the Vice President of the United States. Which fact thus casts all three of us out of Christendom and reserves that rarefied sect for the Wills and the Buckleys and the graduates of the Cordon Bleu.

Burlingame, Calif. VIRGINIA A. STODDART

Is George Will ["That's All for a While," May 10] being quite fair when he speaks (three times) of the "stale air" of airplane cabins? The cabin air in a Boeing 727, at cruising speed, is replaced every 3.22 minutes with air drawn in and compressed from the outside atmosphere which, at 30,000 feet, is reasonably fresh. Some of us think that breathing on airplanes is rather pleasant when we remember hot days on trains

(Continues on page 715)

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THE WEEK

■ Tradition is still revered at Wellesley. Miss Margaret Lahey has won the 80th annual traditional hoop-rolling race, and thus, according to tradition, will be the first in her class to wed. One male student entered the race and, as tradition prescribes, was dumped in a lake. Five girls streaked.

■ Senator Barry Goldwater sheds some light on the paper shortage, reporting that federal paperwork now costs an estimated $15 billion a year, up from $4 billion in 1965. American businessmen pay another $18 billion to process the forms. The Federal Government has 2,500 *kinds* of forms and sends out two billion forms a year, ten for every man, woman, and child. The IRS uses 14,000 different forms. For further information, write Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., and ask for a form request form.

■ About two minutes after Father John McLaughlin defended President Nixon's transcribed behavior, his Jesuit superior held a press conference to announce he had summoned Father McLaughlin to Boston for "prayer and reflection" concerning "the course of his life." Nothing political, you understand—it's just that McLaughlin lives in a ritzy hotel, and he *did* take a vow of poverty. Not everyone was convinced by this explanation. Okay, steamed Garry Wills, so McLaughlin did "make an ass of himself"—but why bawl him out *now*, when it's bound to *look* political? An excellent point. If church discipline really transcends politics, why don't they hold press conferences to censure priests who publicly violate their vows of chastity, not to mention the laws of the state? No wonder Garry's irked. Makes all his talk about the Berrigans' "lonely no said to the system"—to "this order's living death," in which a craven church endorses a murderous state—sound a little overwrought. But when you build a house of cards, a slight breeze can be upsetting.

■ Gerrymandering (a term which mispronounces the name of the man who midwifed it into our vocabulary) has come to New York under the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Because fewer than 50 per cent of the eligible voters in two boroughs in New York voted in the last presidential election, a provision of the 1965 act aimed at the South suddenly applies to New York. As a result, new congressional district lines have been drawn by the Joint Legislative Commission in Albany in cooperation with Justice Department lawyers. Instead of the old-time business of contriving salamander-shaped districts for factional advantage, the districts have now been redrawn in such a way as to reapportion whites and nonwhites. In the six districts comprising the area in question, only one was predominantly black, and there was only one black senator. But two of the new districts in the great color-blind society are computed to be 72.6 per cent and 64.6 per cent nonwhite. What on earth do we do next if the people in those districts continue to elect white representatives? And how are we going to satisfy the redistricting goals of the feminists in the next decade? Madame Congressperson Abzug, bemoaning the hatchet job done on Madame State Senator Bellamy's district, called the redistricting a "discriminatory process." Just so.

■ Owners of New York City's infamous taxicab fleets are asking for a 20 per cent hike in fares—on top of a 44 per cent hike in 1971. Price competition, it should be noted, is banned by law. And the number of taxi licenses (medallions) has been fixed for years to keep out new entrants, although unlicensed "gypsy" cabs are tolerated in less lucrative areas of the city. Nonetheless, a group of young independent taxi drivers, the Taxi Rank and File Coalition, is fighting the fare increase, saying it would price them out of the market. Maybe that's the whole idea.

■ In the rush of enthusiasm over acupuncture and Third World liberation, it is sometimes difficult to gain a reasonable perspective. Freedom House, whose credentials are sufficiently liberal (trustees include Jacob Javits and Roy Wilkins), makes a periodic survey of the state of freedom around the world. The model on which the survey is based is fairly objective, and even contains a leftward bias, in that economic freedom and property rights are not considered. Freedom House ranks political rights and civil rights on a scale from one (free) to seven (not free). The complete list of countries getting a 7/7 rating, meaning unequivocally totalitarian, is as follows: Albania, Bulgaria, Burundi, Central African Republic, Communist China, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Guinea, Iraq, North Korea, Libya, Mongolia, Syria, Uganda, North Vietnam, and Yemen.

Filling Fulbright's Vacuum

The big wind bids adieu, while in the wings
John Sparkman contemplates the cluttered stage.
To give up Banking for the slings and stings
Of Fulbright's old committee? At his age,
Some senators say, "Time to disengage."
But harken: pawing ground, the awful Church
Is pacing like a cougar in a cage,
Engorged on sheets of liberal research.
He strains to occupy the Fulbright perch . . .
Which brings us back to Sparkman's fateful choice.
To stay at Banking, he defaults to Church;
Yet, moving, would his family rejoice?
Thank God the tension's over: Sparkman's in.
Frank Church is tethered. Let the play begin.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

An infallible axiom: in Congress, indeed in any legislature, an event will occur at least a month later than the latest date that the legislature's leaders say it will happen. What this means with regard to impeachment is depressing. Last January House Minority Leader John Rhodes (R., Ariz.) was saying the House Judiciary Committee would be ready to bring its impeachment recommendations to the House floor by April. And spokesmen for the Committee were emphasizing that this meant the end of April. So today we are buying our Fourth of July sparklers, and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) is saying that, yes, he expects the House Committee to recommend, and the full House to vote a bill of impeachment, by the end of July. Soooooo . . . look for the matter, if it arrives, to arrive in the lap of the Senate around Labor Day.

■ Those of you who are theoretically inclined might be interested in the National Airport Theory of History. If the impeachment trial is going on in the Senate during the fall—during the campaign weeks—senators up for reelection will face a cruel choice. Their constituents will expect them to attend the long impeachment sessions. Indeed, they will be looking in on television and will be wanting to see their senator bright-eyed and sharp as Clarence Darrow. But meanwhile his opponent will be crisscrossing the home state talking about the nation's problems and how the incumbent has contributed to them. Some senators will be able to make it home for short, overnight appearances. These are the senators who can get home on flights that leave from Washington's National Airport, located just a reckless 18-minute drive from the Senate garage. For example, Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.) can jet out to Kansas City from National, and make it back in the morning. But Peter Dominick (R., Colo.) must get to and from Denver on flights that leave from Dulles Airport, located in the rolling Virginia countryside an hour's (an hour and a half in rush hour) drive from the Capitol building.

■ One incumbent who won't be done in by the National Airport Theory of History is Oregon's Republican Robert Packwood. In 1968 Packwood, then a young state legislator, pulled a stunning upset over an aging, cranky incumbent, Wayne Morse. This year incumbent Packwood's opponent is an aging, cranky challenger — Wayne Morse. In recent years Morse has been selling himself to Oregon Democrats as a man deserving of return to the Senate because he was one of two senators to vote against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution in 1964. (The other senator was Ernest Gruening, an Alaska Democrat, who, like Morse, was beaten at the next election.) In 1972 Morse won the Democratic Senate primary and the right to get thrashed by 70,000 votes by Republican Senator Mark Hatfield. According to reliable polls, this year Morse, 73, will get thrashed by Packwood, 41. These polls indicate that Packwood has a lead of 20 percentage points, and that both Packwood and Morse are so well known that the voters have made up their minds already—only 6 per cent say they are undecided.

■ Old Latin saying from old Roman politicians: *Sic transit clout.* Margaret Chase Smith represented Maine in the House and Senate for 34 years until she was defeated in 1972. Now she can't even vote in her home town of Skowhegan, Maine, where she has been voting for 25 years. Her name has been stricken from the rolls because the town fathers and mothers say Mrs. Smith really is a resident of Silver Spring, Maryland, where she has resided for years while serving in Congress.

■ If you want to visit your congressman you had better not go sneaking into the Capitol building through the sewer or water tunnels. Out in the front yard of the Senate there is a hole in the ground where technicians are installing cables and other things necessary for a sophisticated security system to spot night prowlers and tunnel crawlers. In addition, the mail coming to members of the House Judiciary Committee now is being X-rayed to check for bombs.

■ Speaking of security, officials here are worried about the security problems that will be involved in the upcoming presidential trip to the Middle East, where terrorism has become a refined art and extremism flourishes.

—CATO

■ Racketeering in airline tickets is big business: the criminals steal blank tickets in bulk (often intercepting them on the way from the printer to the airline) and sell them to travel agents, who can apparently use them without detection. Not only are the airlines forced to provide free rides, but if Air France, say, honors a ticket issued by Pan Am, it costs Pan Am hard cash. It has now been revealed that Pan Am arranged last fall to buy back, for $70,000, blank tickets that could have been used for millions of dollars worth of flights. Pan Am defends this as prudent business. It could also be called an incitement to crime. A better approach would surely be a computerized logging system, employing serial numbers, to keep track of the tickets. Stolen tickets, like stolen credit cards, could be listed and the numbers circulated.

■ The remains of SLA member Angela Atwood were returned to her native parish in New Jersey for burial, and one Father Frank Citro observed by way of eulogy that "Christ . . . died for what He believed in. So did Angela." The earliest Christian preachers struck many of their contemporaries as fools . . . but let us avoid facile analogies.

■ Venezuela plans to nationalize all resident foreign oil companies in the next few months. Compensation is expected to be about a fifth of the true value of the expropriated assets. "A new historic opportunity has opened for Venezuela, Latin America, and all the countries which are victims of the economic totalitarianism of the great developed nations," said Venezuelan President Carlos Perez. But governmental looting is hardly a new opportunity. Imagine the outrage if the U.S. decided to nationalize the many foreign investments in this country, such as the Shell or BP gasoline stations. Those countries that

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have practiced such official banditry, such as Cuba and Chile, have traded immediate gains for chronic scarcity. Nations that have provided secure bases for foreign investment, such as Taiwan and Brazil, have made remarkable progress. Now, Venezuela has decided to lift itself by its own bootstraps. But the country has no boots.

■ Yevgenii Yevtushenko's bold defense of Solzhenitsyn in February seemed too much like a KGB-directed pr operation to be true, and, indeed, he has now publicly returned to the fold. In a new epic poem, dedicated to the workers at the Kama River truck assembly plant, Yevtushenko refers to Solzhenitsyn as a "mock Russian" who "sings mournfully into his beard" about czarist times. It will be interesting to see what effect this quick turnabout will have on Yevtushenko's lecture bookings in the West the next time his masters let him out.

■ As of June 1, British prisons will no longer punish inmates who violate the rules by putting them on a three-day diet of bread and water. Instead, fractious prisoners will have their prison wages docked, or lose time off for good behavior. Really serious violators of the rules may have to stand in the corner.

■ An elaborate study by Bell Labs challenges the Environmental Protection Agency's plans to reduce air pollution by discouraging auto traffic. The study, commissioned by the New Jersey Clean Air Council, found that ozone—the most dangerous pollutant—was higher on quiet Sunday mornings than during weekday traffic jams. One of the scientists involved speculated that the reaction of nitrogen oxide with ozone, under heavy traffic conditions, causes some of the ozone to be absorbed. Maybe we need a tax on mass transit and a subsidy to motorists to encourage New Jersey commuters to use their cars more often. How about that?

■ Did you ever sample the delicious catfish in Bruce's Restaurant in Tyler, Texas? Some folks from the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department did, and decided owner Bruce Dyess was selling crappies when he ran short of catfish. Crappies, a very common panfish, are as tasty as catfish. The trouble is, it's illegal to sell them in most of Texas, under a law forbidding sales of fresh-water game fish. So, a few weeks ago, seven uniformed and armed game wardens raided Bruce's Restaurant, arresting Bruce and half a dozen of his customers, and scooping fish bones and remains into a paper bag as evidence. "They came in here with those big guns and made the waitresses cry," Dyess said. Dyess was fined $438 and some of the guilty customers were taken to Noonday, Texas, near Tyler, and fined by a Justice of the Peace, despite pleas that they were hungry or paid no attention to the kind of fish they were eating. As Beadle Bumble might say, if the law says that, the law is full of crappie.

■ CULTURAL NOTES. The hit of the recent American Psychiatric Association meeting in Detroit was an exhibit featuring a film described as therapeutic audiovisual material for professionals, "viewing restricted to APA members only," showing a couple making love. On December 7, 1968 a book was returned to the University of Cincinnati library 145 years overdue. Fine: $22,646 (suspended). At a recent masquerade ball in Las Vegas, part of the festivities surrounding a tennis tournament, Mr. Roosevelt Grier came dressed in Ku Klux Klan garb. In Sacramento, the Dy-Dee Wash laundry has filed suit to enjoin the Tidee-Didee laundry from advertising itself as Didee-Tidee. And Mr. Richard C. Lugar, hip mayor of Indianapolis, senatorial aspirant, and presidential hopeful, showed a quick wit in replying to a reporter's featurette question, who possesses sex appeal? "Gosh," said Lugar, "no one has asked me a question like this in years. I'm afraid I don't have any appropriate comment at all. I'm sort of a washout on that subject."

The Road to Damascus

Naturally enough, attention has been riveted on the day to day details of Henry Kissinger's highwire diplomacy, culminating in the disengagement agreement signed by Syrian and Israeli representatives in Geneva. The surrounding geopolitical significance of these events, however, is enormous.

In the course of a year, Egypt has been transformed from a quasi-satellite of the Soviet Union into a virtual ally of the U.S. The enormous Soviet investment in Egypt has been liquidated. President Anwar Sadat now emerges as an Arab leader of immense prestige, his pro-Western initiatives justified. Egyptian port facilities will almost certainly be available to the U.S. Navy. Even Syria, long aligned with Soviet policy in the area, shows signs of rapprochement with the West, including hospitality to Western investment. These shifts, in turn, have had the effect of isolating Arab radicals and splitting the Palestinian movement into moderates willing to discuss accommodation with Israel and intransigents holding out, virtually alone, for the destruction of Israel. But, of course, all of this is at the sufferance of the Soviet Union: and the Soviet Union's toleration of it is a function of its estimate of its military power; which is increasing, while ours decreases.

What Kissinger has initiated is a *process*: if the disengagement holds up, if the process goes forward to return increments of the Sinai to Egypt, if accommodation becomes institutionalized, then, in time, some solution could emerge to the previously intractable issues of the status of Jerusalem and a homeland for the Palestinians. But once again, local solutions are at the sufferance of the Soviet Union.

Stunningly dished by Kissinger in the eastern Mediterranean, the Soviets will inevitably shift their attentions, for the time being, south and east, to Aden and to the

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fringe of volatile and politically primitive states around the Persian Gulf. Facilitating this design will be the reopening of the Suez Canal. The Soviets can be expected to deploy their increasing naval strength in the Persian Gulf area, and to supply weapons and other matériel to local dissident movements, which abound. But here, too, they will find a Kissinger counterdesign in preparation. The U.S. has been cultivating its relationship with the Shah of Iran, who already deploys the strongest military forces in the area and has much grander ambitions. If U.S. diplomacy can bring about better relations between Iran and Saudi Arabia, Kissinger will have a formidable counterweight to Soviet influence in the strategic, oil rich Persian Gulf area.

Henry Kissinger fully deserves the acclaim he has received for his diplomatic feats. Not much has been said about President Nixon's role. The President remains, however, the principal designer of U.S. foreign policy, and it is known that he intervened personally at key stages of the negotiations. His tour of the Middle East will be the visible symbol of the changed relations in the area. If he is to be denounced for the deeds of some of his lieutenants, he certainly deserves much credit for Kissinger's accomplishments. It would be interesting, and revealing, to see some *other* presidential transcripts.

But always one's mind turns to the question: a few years from now, will we have the power to neutralize the Soviet appetite for destabilization?

Patty and Clyde

The SLA kidnapping of Patricia Hearst, her apparent conversion, and the ongoing aftermath of these events constitute a symbolic cluster of enormous importance, comparable in every way to the Lindbergh kidnapping of the 1930s.

Though Bruno Richard Hauptmann apparently kidnapped the Lindbergh child for the ransom, the kidnapping was also an act of spiritual terror. Perhaps unconsciously, Hauptmann struck at one of the central strands in the ethos of the time. Lindbergh was, par excellence, the Hero. He stood for individual achievement, for resourcefulness both technological and spiritual, and he possessed about as much glamor as it is possible to have. Hauptmann was a failure, an obscure *untermensch*, appearing mysteriously out of nowhere, and striking not only at the airborne god but at that other central figure in the American consciousness, the Child. Hauptmann's trial and execution were, accordingly, supreme media events: newspaper events, of course, but intensely covered by *the* media organ of the day, radio. Gabriel Heatter's coverage made him an instant celebrity.

The Hearst kidnapping is also an act of spiritual terror, hence its fascination. The SLA is a dark caricature of everything Middle America hated about the 1960s. All the elements are there. Narcotics, of course—Nancy Ling Perry was "into" everything, as were others; the night before the L.A. shootout, the SLA sat around the bungalow that was to be their crematorium getting high on dope. Other archetypal elements were kinky sex and of course Berkeley. Add the extreme violence of the group, building not occupations but cyanide bullets and machine guns, and you get the ultimate counterculture.

Patricia Hearst's apparent conversion therefore strikes at one of the deepest anxieties of ordinary Americans: that their children will not reject, but will actually embrace, the noxious counterculture. And that fear exists, in turn, because Middle America is deeply insecure about, obscurely senses the spiritual thinness of, its own culture. Patricia Hearst's denunciation of her parents was a kind of psychodrama, exciting all these fears and apprehensions.

And like the Lindbergh-Hauptmann agon, the whole thing has been an enormous media event. The SLA played the media like an Aeolian harp, broadcasting its announcements and demands, all of TV covering its big food handout. It is altogether fitting, even predictable, that the final armageddon was carried live and in color throughout California, at prime time, of course, during the dinner hour, and ended at sunset amid the fading light of a Los Angeles evening. Life—and death—actual-

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Chambers knew so much about so many people and so many interesting subjects—his knowledge is clearly in evidence in "Odyssey of a Friend." Chambers tells of his relationships with Richard Nixon (an early supporter), Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Henry Luce (Chambers was an editor at *Time* and NR) and many others.

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ly imitated art. The shootout was prefigured in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

Given the spiritual thinness of the culture transmitted to the contemporary young, Donald DeFreeze surely spoke more profoundly than he realized when he remarked, "I am the nigger who hunts you now."

Assorted Political Happenings

In California, Watergate got Lt. Governor Ed Reinecke, the more conservative of the two Republican gubernatorial candidates. Reinecke had led in the early polls but his indictment on ITT-related perjury charges changed that and, in the event, State Controller Houston Flournoy won handily. Incomplete returns had him beating Reinecke better than two to one. Flournoy will run against Jerry Brown, son of former California Governor Pat Brown. Young Brown led from the start in a three-way primary against Bob Moretti, the Democratic Speaker of the Assembly, who was instrumental in defeating Governor Reagan's Proposition #1 last November, and Mayor Joseph Alioto. Flournoy is expected to give Brown a good run for his money. . . . California voters also adopted the sweeping Proposition #9, a Common Cause initiative that puts so many shackles on election practices and campaign fundraising that both labor and management opposed it. The voters didn't. The vote was nearly 70 per cent for. . . . In the congressional races in California, Nixon foe Representative Pete McCloskey won renomination in a squeaker; he had a margin of under 500 votes over Republican regular Gordon Knapp. Lots of grumbling on this one; Nixon loyalists claiming that it was a campaign appearance for McCloskey by Vice President Gerald Ford that may have turned the tide. McCloskey has called for Nixon's impeachment.

In South Dakota, Leo Thorsness, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, for six years a prisoner of war, has won the Republican senatorial nomination, will be facing George McGovern in the fall. Thorsness started running early last summer.

In Oregon, a week earlier, Victor Atiyeh, the conservative Republican, won a surprise victory in the gubernatorial nomination, swamping his opponent Secretary of State Clay Myers, a Tom McCall protégé, racking up 61 per cent of the votes in a five-man field. In a race for the seat of retiring Representative Wendell Wyatt, Diarmuid O'Scannlain, an environmentalist and former YAF official, was the winner. The Democrats, on the other hand, went left just about as far as they could go, in nominating former Senator Wayne Morse as their senatorial candidate. He's not believed to have much of a chance against Republican incumbent Robert Packwood.

In New York, Governor Malcolm Wilson, an old friend of the New York Conservative Party, has announced he'll run for a full term (he became governor when Nelson Rockefeller resigned last fall), while crotchety budget watchdog John Rooney of Brooklyn, the Democratic scourge of the State, Justice, and Commerce departments, announced he would not run again. Rooney is the 47th congressman to opt out of the electoral race in the fall. (The count, by party, of the dropouts is 21 Democrats and 20 Republicans in the House; three Democrats and three Republicans in the Senate.)

In Massachusetts, a Republican preconvention cheered Richard Nixon and adopted a resolution in support of the President over the objection of nominal party leaders, Governor Francis Sargent (if it comes to a Ford-Kennedy race in 1976, Sargent said just the other day, he would be more ideologically in tune with Kennedy) and Senator Edward Brooke. . . . The regular Democratic forces led by Teddy Kennedy recaptured the Massachusetts party from the McGovernites and elected their own slate to the offyear mini-Democratic convention in Kansas City next December. . . . Former YAF Chairman Alan McKay will be the GOP candidate in the 12th CD.

Other political developments of the fortnight: James Meredith, the Negro activist who broke the color bar at the University of Mississippi a decade ago, was a surprise winner in a Mississippi congressional primary, but has pulled out of the June runoff. Nicholas Johnson, the ultraliberal former FCC Commissioner, good friend of John Kenneth Galbraith and John Gardner, seems at this writing to have lost his congressional primary in Iowa. He was running for the seat of Republican H.R. Gross. Mrs. Helen Meyner, wife of former Democratic New Jersey Governor Robert Meyner, has won her race: it will be a replay against Republican Congressman Joseph Maraziti. And Republican James Sparling Jr., who lost out in a special election in Michigan in April to Bob Traxler—an election regarded as particularly significant because Nixon campaigned for Sparling—says he will be running against Traxler again come November.

Colson's Motivation

Unless evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, it would be well to take at face value Charles Colson's decision to enter a plea of guilty and tell all he knows about Watergate and other disputed matters. Briefly, the account given by Colson's friends and associates goes as follows: Colson some months back had a religious conversion that completely changed his perspective on life. Though this struck many as sudden and strange, some who know Colson well do not doubt his sincerity. At the same time, Colson has been entangled in myriad charges and allegations surrounding Watergate. He is under indictment. He has been restricted in his statements by court order. The prosecutors, however—so the account goes—were eager to get a guilty plea from Colson on virtually any count. He was offered the opportunity to plead guilty to one or another misdemeanor, but refused on the ground that he was not in fact guilty.

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An Earlier Hour at the White House

(By a most singular coincidence, a transcription of a presidential conference in March of 1934 has fallen into my hands: it could not have come at a more opportune time.)

ROOSEVELT *(wheeled in)*: Be seated, gentlemen.

MORGENTHAU: Mr. President, the damned banks are falling like autumn leaves. I . . .

R: Henry, I must ask you to apologize for the use of that violent word. Profanity is not the language of democracy.

M: I apologize most sincerely, Mr. President, but I succumbed to the excitement: not a bank will be open in three days . . .

HOPKINS: Please excuse me for a moment, Mr. President.

R: Where are you going, Harry?

H: To phone my wife to withdraw $26 from our bank so our children can be fed through the crisis.

R *(thunderous voice)*: Harry Hopkins, I'm ashamed of you. Rather that your children beg than that the sacred trust of this office be violated.

H: I am most remorseful, Mr. President—it shall not happen again.

M: Should you issue a statement reassuring the nation that our economic structure is fundamentally sound, and that the Federal Government will compensate bank losses?

R: Henry, I despair at your easy solutions. Can the President, whose word should be above suspicion, issue rosy, unfounded predictions and reduce public trust in his office?

M: But your reassuring words would increase faith in the banks and stop the run.

R: A result to be much desired, but solvent banks must be achieved through painful truth, not comforting promises.

M: Of course you are right.

(A note is delivered to R.)

R: Zounds! Eleanor has been given a ticket for illegal parking and wishes me to fix it. How often I have told her that Caesar's wife did not try to fix parking tickets. It's more the pity that she will have to be in jail on her birthday, but it is her freedom versus the nation's well-being, and who can hesitate in the choice?

H: Mr. President, I have said it often in the past and I shall repeat it often in the future: you are augmenting the high honor of your office. It was not always so: I believe that Theodore once filed his income tax return four days late.

R: Harry, let us not judge too harshly the failings of others: it is enough to guard ourselves against similar temptation.

(The discussion proceeds.)

GEORGE J. STIGLER

The deal Colson has now worked out, strangely enough, involves a plea of guilty to a felony. This will presumably result in his disbarment. The statute he agrees he violated is in fact rather recherché: it forbids the dissemination of derogatory information about an individual under indictment. Colson was willing to plead guilty to that, because that is what he wished to accomplish in the case of Daniel Ellsberg. "I am guilty of this," he said, "and I am sorry."

Colson will plead guilty on June 21. After that, disentangled from charges and restrictions, he will be free to tell all he knows about the assorted allegations. Because of his position in the Nixon inner circle, the expectation is that he will have a lot to say.

Initially, moreover, Colson's guilty plea gives the prosecutors greater leverage to use on John Ehrlichman, since it tends to undercut the "national security" rationale for the Ellsberg break-in. If Ehrlichman, in turn, begins to plea-bargain, the danger to Nixon could greatly increase.

Though Colson acquired a bad reputation as supposed White House hatchet man, the truth is that he is also, in a quite simple and direct way, a patriot. He believes intensely that Watergate has been a national disaster. It may well be that, so believing and now free to cooperate fully, he will do his best to bring the ordeal to an end.

Naturally enough, skepticism is rampant regarding Colson's motives and behavior. Contemporary Washington is not easily mistaken for the City of God. On the other hand, there is a real possibility that Colson's guilty plea just may have been the first non-Machiavellian thing to happen in Washington within living memory.

A Program for Disinflation

There is a distressing tendency in many recent articles and editorials to depict economics as merely a matter of opinion, and of hopelessly confused opinion at that. But there is a large body of solid evidence that supports some theories and confutes others. A respectable theory of inflation must be able to explain why inflation did or did not occur at various times and in various places. Theories based on the market power of corporations and unions, for example, do not explain why the U.S. inflation rate has quadrupled in a decade. Corporations and unions just haven't changed that much. Specific price increases cannot explain a general trend: some prices always rise more than others, and the prices of food and raw materials outrun other prices in every inflation. Nor does the notion of "imported inflation" carry much weight, because floating exchange rates automatically devalue the currency of any country exporting inflation.

Experience has discredited the dogma that it is safe

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Adelle Davis, R I P

Bane of the AMA and FDA
And Bible for the slack and overfed,
Adelle at 70 has passed away:
Don't look for weeping where they bake white bread.
"Read the ingredients" is what she said;
We read them and our epidermis paled.
She recommended vitamins instead
And promptly got assaulted and assailed.
But still, the sugar industry got nailed,
While medicine retreated over "C."
God knows her point of view has not prevailed,
But doctors here and there are sneaking "E."
By taunting the establishment, Adelle
Adopted tactics we should use as well.

W. H. VON DREELE

to pursue "expansionary" fiscal and monetary policies as long as the unemployment rate is above 4 per cent. Even a double-digit inflation has had little or no lasting effect on the unemployment rate. Several related ideas are likewise not particularly helpful: the "Phillips Curve" tradeoff between inflation and unemployment, the "GNP Gap" showing what we could produce *if* we could profitably employ those unemployed above the 4 per cent level, and "full employment budgeting" showing what the government would collect in taxes and save on welfare *if* the unemployment rate were 4 per cent.

The overall unemployment rate is a reliable measure neither of human distress nor of labor market slack. It is precisely when the economy is booming that more housewives and teenagers join the ranks of job seekers, more workers quit their jobs, and the unemployed take longer to search for the best opportunity. Unemployment problems, other than the profitable search for a new or better job, must be dealt with by improving information about job opportunities, by appropriate training, and by loosening institutional barriers such as occupational licensing, minimum wage laws, and union monopolies.

It is established beyond reasonable doubt that the principal cause of and cure for inflation is to be found in fiscal and monetary policies. If we must have perpetual deficits, they would have less inflationary impact if financed by borrowing rather than by creating new money. That is why it is considered patriotic to buy U.S. Savings Bonds—it sops up purchasing power to match the money introduced by deficit spending. But it becomes rather difficult to peddle fixed-return government securities when the inflation rate exceeds the rate of interest on the securities. It would help if such interest earnings could be adjusted for inflation on tax returns, so that investors would not pay taxes on purely illusory gains. This would also encourage saving. Another reform would be to offer government bonds with a guaranteed "real" return—adjusted to compensate for the dollar's loss of purchasing power (Sumner Slichter's "rubber bonds").

Yet there is nothing inherent in the notion of full employment budgeting that says the budget should never be in surplus at "full employment." And, as noted before, the rule of thumb of 4 per cent is an inadequate measure of "full employment" in the relevant sense. A budget which was actually balanced or in surplus would greatly ease the task of the Federal Reserve. It would also divert investment funds from government securities into badly needed expansion of shortage-prone industries. If deficits are not financed by printing money or expanding bank reserves, the resulting attempt to sell more government securities must drive interest rates up on all competing uses of capital. Either way, even full employment deficits put the Fed under pressure to make it easier for banks to create new money (checking accounts) through loans.

Monetary policy continues to be hampered by the untenable idea that the supply of money affects only investment, and does so only through "the" interest rate. Moreover, though the notion of *real* wages causes little confusion, the parallel concept of *real* interest rates confuses everyone except lenders and borrowers. Thus *Time*, after properly attributing high nominal interest rates to inflation, says the Federal Reserve "acted in full knowledge that holding the growth of the nation's money supply to a relatively tight annual rate of 6 per cent would set interest rates soaring." There is nothing "tight" about 6 per cent, but *Time*'s statement confuses the Fed's rhetoric with its behavior. From mid-October through May, the money stock rose at an 8.3 per cent annual rate, accelerating to 9.6 per cent in the last three months.

A sudden slowdown in monetary growth would cause problems. Businessmen have bought labor and materials at inflated prices with the expectation of being able to make comparable adjustments in their own prices without encountering much buyer resistance. It takes a rising supply of money to finance a given volume of economic activity when prices are expected to rise. There is no way to break this chain without someone's being disappointed —i.e., not being able to sell his product or labor at a higher price. The pain could be minimized by a Federal Reserve policy (mandated by Congress, if necessary) to cut the rate of monetary growth by, say, 1 per cent each six months until it reaches 3 per cent. That would bring inflation down to negligible proportions by 1977, and, contrary to everything you've read about "tight money," it would do the same for interest rates.

Equal Pay for Equal Work

Equal Pay for Equal Work, even though it has become a battle cry for the women's lib movement, is not entirely unreasonable. The rationale behind paying a man more than a woman for the same work is that the man, frequently the primary earner in the family, probably has more responsibilities. Small companies have been able to make relevant distinctions: if there is going to be a

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pay differential between a family man and a woman whose husband also works, there should be one between a bachelor and a widow with three children. Large companies cannot or do not make these distinctions, and it was largely for that reason (although ideology entered into it as well) that Congress voted in 1964 to make it illegal for any company engaged in interstate commerce to pay men and women differently for the same work.

Unfortunately, government is even less capable of making distinctions than large companies, as the Supreme Court has just shown in its decision upholding the 1964 equal pay act. Besides making the decision retroactive and attempting to justify government intervention on the ground that it *encourages* "market economics," the Court appears to be saying that even those companies that apply pay differentials intelligently will henceforth be prevented from doing so. Furthermore, a Labor Department official has been quoted as saying, "It is now well settled that jobs need not be identical in every respect before the equal pay act is applicable." One more example of why we would all be better off if government stayed altogether out of coming between the willing buyer and the willing seller.

Stewart Alsop, R I P

"A dying man needs to die, as a sleepy man needs to sleep, and there comes a time when it is wrong, as well as useless, to resist." These words—from Stewart Alsop's account of his own fatal illness, *Stay of Execution*—have been quoted endlessly in the days since he died, and their simple eloquence is of that kind that affects the hearer immediately and permanently. That is typical of his writing: gently penetrating, frank and critical, yet somehow comforting and even—despite his professed agnosticism—pious. Describing himself as a New Deal liberal, he took his subsequent positions cautiously, never drawn into partisan or ideological wars, his acuity and wide sympathies giving him an uncommon instinct for the political crux of an issue. If he usually wound up defending the status quo, it was because he knew how necessary to social harmony a status quo is, and because he never descried a more humane one on the horizon. Nobody spoke better for the liberal establishment, or better embodied what virtues it has.

Punch Rotheo

"Henry. Drop the Mideast and start a shuttle between me and the Judiciary Committee."

Notes & Asides

■ To the Editor
The Editorial Page
The New York Times
Dear Sir:

You write (May 27): "There is something repugnant in the enthusiastic publicity-seeking of Senator James L. Buckley of New York in participating in a whaling expedition by the hunters of an Alaskan village."

Now I have seen everything. So my brother is visiting, once again, the Arctic circle. It is his fourth trip, not even counting his trip to the Antarctic. He has a thing about Arctic circles. He first went to the Arctic circle way before he went to the Senate, and he will go to the Arctic circle after he is out of the Senate, assuming the inconceivable, that he and the voters should tire of one another before death do them part. On this particular trip a *New York Times* reporter *asked* to go with him. Jim said okay, but only if the Eskimos say okay. Those who know my brother know that the prospect of a reporter traveling to the Arctic with him for the purpose of recording the Senator's movements, far from overjoying him, was a tribulation he bore gracefully only because he will bear the pains of Purgatory gracefully. A *New York Times* editor then decides to put the *New York Times* reporter's story on the visit on the front page, whereupon a *New York Times* editorial writer gives my brother hell for publicity-seeking! Your reference to his "gleeful pursuit" of a whale is both gratuitous and ignorant, inasmuch as my brother, a naturalist, has himself always declined to shoot or hunt down any living creature. What was he supposed to do while his hosts were shooting the whale? Cock his eyes heavenward and recite the *De Profundis*? I do not doubt the integrity of his concern for endangered species, though

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I confess that my own is qualified as I meditate a world without the species that writes *New York Times* editorials. Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Personification of inanimate objects (like newspapers) can be a lot of fun, but when you say, "The *Post* cares greatly," or, "Both Mrs. Luce and the *Post* would presumably agree," you fail to make things clear.

In referring to "On the Right: A Loyalist's Concern" in the June 7 issue of *NR*, is it Katharine Graham you wish to pit against Mrs. Luce or that Bernstein character? Most faithfully yours,

Boyd Campbell
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Mr. Campbell:

It is a problem for which there is no solution. E.g., above, there is simply no contact between the editor of the editorial page, and the editor of the news section. But it is too awkward to say: "the-editor-responsible-for-the-editorial-on- * * *." And of course the problem is not confined to newspapers, as for instance in, "England expects that every man will do his duty," at a time when most Englishmen were greatly surprised that there were some Englishmen around who did. In the case of Mrs. Graham and Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein (why "character"?) there was an active editorial partnership, see W & B's book. Yours faithfully,

—WFB

■ Dear Bill:

You really should know better than to publish material on Australia without submitting it first to me for an accuracy check.

The item in "The Week" (*NR*, May 10, p. 512) including in a general indictment of government research grants $70,000 spent on a "Study of Australian aborigines' sweat" is most embarrassing to both of us, however we look at it. I suppose the worst thing about it is that it emerged first in a similar shotgun criticism of government subsidies made by Representative Henry A. Reuss a half-dozen years ago. I wrote to Reuss about it and received from him a reply as smarmy as an audit notice from the IRS. Next it appeared in a similar exposé by Senator Dirksen. We could on partisan grounds suffer the latter, but Reuss?

I was the only American on that research expedition in 1966. The work was carried on in the most hostile environment for human beings outside the polar regions —the center of the Australian desert. A half-dozen of us worked for much of the Australian summer, where one does not see even Englishmen and mad dogs. Temperature rising to 120°; humidity down to 3 per cent, no amenities—and *no pay*, for any of us. The study was not of "aborigines' sweat," but electrolyte metabolism, and for the purpose of determining why men die so eagerly in deserts. The grant, $25,000 in fact, was made by the United States Army, which still had enough concern for its men to find out why the crews of Army Air Corps planes forced down in North African deserts died so quickly.

The whole story is told in my book *Down among the Wild Men*, so I have to rap your knuckles also for not reading my book. (*NR* did not review the book either.)

Look out for the locomotive, Bill.

Best, or in this situation, as good as possible,

John Greenway
Professor of Anthropology
University of Colorado

Dear John:

I have read your book, which is superb. I was attracted to it by the laudatory review in *NR* December 8, 1972. Best,

Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We know that W. H. von Dreele is listed as a contributing editor . . . but we don't buy it! Are you in reality W. H. von Dreele? Or is the entire *NR* staff W. H. von Dreele? As Ayn Rand would put it: who *is* W. H. von Dreele? Wondering,

Brad Linaweaver
William Alan Ritch
Florida State University
Computing Centre

Bill:

Is there any significance in the fact that the names "W. F. Buckley Jr." and "W. H. von Dreele" contain exactly the same number of letters? This and stylistic considerations, plus the fact that Mr. von Dreele seems to have no public identity, make me wonder if he, like Macduff, is not "one of woman born," but rather is one of elfin nature spawned. Cryptographically yours,

Richard A. Slezak Jr.
Maple Heights, Ohio

Richard:

A nice thought, except that I could not compose a couplet to save my life, or spare my friend von Dreele's, who lives: and works, on-hours, for IBM. Cordially,

—WFB

Running Wild

Inflation's going up. (That's bad.)
But so are profits. (Are we glad!)
Which bring in taxes. (That's a plug?)
But Congress blows the bundle. (Ugh.)
And pumps inflation up. (*Again.*)
Until Black Friday. (Say "Amen.")

W. H. von Dreele

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Bits and Pieces

THE OLD ORDER is passing, as it always is doing, and that bit of news is, like the old order itself, a mixture of good and bad.

A few years ago Stewart Alsop, the best political analyst writing from Washington, wrote a charming, wise, informative, and, yes, loving book about Washington, and he titled it *The Center*, which is how Soviet intelligence refers to Washington, or at least how it did in days when it was easier to have a healthy respect for the world role of the United States. In his book Mr. Alsop told the story of an elderly judge who was given to muttering, "The sons of bitches are gaining on us." He never said who he had in mind. He never had to. The good guys knew.

Stewart Alsop died the other day and his funeral in the lovely St. John's Episcopal Church directly across Lafayette Square from the White House drew a broad cross section of official Washington. They gathered to honor a man who, just before he died, told his brother, columnist Joseph: "You know, I sometimes thank God you and I were born Americans so long ago—for although I don't enjoy getting older, I begin to suspect we have seen the best times in this country." A lot of other Americans believe the future will be worse than the present, or than the past, or both. They believe that the government must become more energetic in providing help that is urgently needed to make life pleasant; that the government probably will not do so; and that if the government tries to do so, it probably will botch the job. Compared with ten years ago, fewer people say they are satisfied with their jobs, fewer say they are satisfied with their standard of living, fewer say they are optimistic about their futures as consumers.

Pollster Lou Harris reports that 78 per cent of the American people are convinced that the nation is moving in the wrong direction. Pat Caddell, who does remarkably sophisticated and accurate polls for a lot of Democrats, asks people to rate the past, present, and future on a scale of zero for the worst and 10 for the best. He reports that in 1964 Americans rated the past 6.1, the present 6.5, the future 7.7. Today they rate the past 6.3, the present 4.5, the future 5.0. George Gallup reports that 10 per cent of the American people would like to emigrate (Canada and Australia exert the strongest attraction). True, this is down slightly from 12 per cent in 1971, but in 1948 only 4 per cent of the American people expressed a desire to emigrate.

Of course a lot of Americans may let off steam when talking to poll takers. They don't feel inconsolably bad, and one reason they don't is that the political system gives them opportunities for letting off steam. That is what the Democrats of Arkansas just did.

IN 1968 Senator J. William Fulbright won a fifth term with just 53 per cent of the vote against a very weak opponent. His defeat in 1974 does not prove much and does not matter much. His defeat proves that a bright, young, energetic, popular, skillful politician like Governor Dale Bumpers can beat an old, arrogant, lazy politician who has neglected his constituents for years. His defeat does not matter much because Fulbright has never mattered much to American foreign policy. He devoted his limited energies to holding well publicized hearings and writing thin books about foreign policy. But there is no policy—not one—he decisively affected as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. That is an inherently weak committee, exerting a mild oversight regarding Executive initiatives. It can block ambassadorial nominations or treaties, but rarely does. In fact, treaties—formal agreements of all sorts—comprise a very small part of this or any other nation's foreign dealings. On Vietnam, Senator Fulbright's voice was not the first critical voice raised, and his voice was not the most effective. In recent years he has been overruled on the floor by the full Senate more than any other committee chairman, devastating evidence of how his own colleagues felt concerning him.

It is marvelous to recall that Senator Fulbright was a victim, not a leader, when the Senate finally flexed some of its nearly atrophied muscle in the field of foreign policy. It was in 1972 when the Senate, led by Senator Henry Jackson, insisted on amending the Administration's suggested language for endorsing the Interim Agreement on offensive weapons signed that May in Moscow. The language insisted that the U.S. not sign a final treaty unless it guaranteed something more like equality for the U.S. than was achieved in the Interim Agreement. The Administration resisted the language, but caved in when it saw the language would win. Fulbright went down to defeat with a small band of supporters. After years of urging the Senate to assert a positive, initiating role in foreign policy, the first significant Senate assertion came from the Right, not the Left, and it rolled right over Fulbright.

Now Fulbright will be succeeded as chairman by John Sparkman of Alabama. Sparkman's one previous moment in the spotlight was 22 years ago, in 1952, when Adlai Stevenson gave him the dubious privilege of running for Vice President. Sparkman's counterpart on the Republican side was Richard Nixon. Today Sparkman is a very decent, very tired 72-year-old gentleman in his final term. In this case, as the old order passes, the order gets older.

SPARKMAN'S temperament and philosophy make him deferential to the Executive in foreign policy matters. He will not be troublesome for the President, whoever he is, even if he can muster the energy to be troublesome.

Fulbright built a reputation as a dissenter, but the one time when a dissent by him might have made a difference, he conformed. This was after the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision, when the Southern senators signed the Southern Manifesto pledging and inciting resistance to desegregation. It is wrong to say, as some of Fulbright's critics do say, that he did not have the courage to dissent from his region's orthodoxy. In fact, he just didn't know any better. □

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Valéry and Helmut

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

On the night of May 19, Western Europe was listening breathlessly to the returns of Part II of the French presidential elections. Private polls had predicted a neck-and-neck race, and they were right. Had it not been for the fine weather and the successful mobilization of those who are usually far too weary, too cynical, too disgusted by politics to go to the polls, the joint candidate of the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks—that is to say, of the Socialists and Communists—might easily have won. It is depressing to read the newspaper commentaries entitled "The Good Sense of the French People," "Defeat of the Left," "Victory for Freedom," and so on. We have come to regard elections or plebiscites as expressions of "the voice of the people," although it is usually little more than half of the voters who are thus arbitrarily identified as The People. What we do not know is the intensity of conviction with which each side voted for its candidate. It is quite possible, I would even say probable, that the votes for the Socialist-Communist candidate, François Mitterrand, represented a more intense desire, a more burning zeal, than those cast for Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Meanwhile the unexpressed question most of the opponents of the Marxist Left have at the back of their minds is this: can a country as big and important as France be periodically exposed to the voting process? Can still-free Europe again and again take such a risk, especially since the French Left does not really believe in the democratic procedure? The Marxists consider it (as Engels did nearly a hundred years ago) merely as a framework for establishing the "dictatorship of the proletariat," which, in actual practice, amounts to the rule of a certain sector of the intelligentsia. Why mount the barricades if one can achieve one's goal by persuasion and propaganda? The National Socialists showed that a liberal democratic republic, in order to remain true to its principles, must humbly permit its enemies to destroy it by peaceful and legal means. (Few realize, by the way, that François Mitterrand has been moving leftward for some time, having once been an *Action Française* supporter, a Maurrassien.)

France won her gamble this time, but Giscard d'Estaing faces an immensely difficult task. Modern France is split into two bitterly opposed camps —with only a few hundred thousand votes representing the equilibrium between freedom and, perhaps, slavery. Ten years ago the situation was different. Even the Gaullists were split into right, middle, and left factions, held together at first by *le Général* and then by Georges Pompidou. Besides the Gaullists, there were and still are the Independent Republicans (usually referred to as "Conservatives") and various Center groups. But whatever their individual programs, these groups are now forced to cooperate against the united Left, which has revived the Popular Front of evil memory.

The Other France

The Independent Republicans under Giscard are a moderate rightist group. Giscard himself is a nobleman of sorts, a collateral descendant of the liberal admiral Comte Charles d'Estaing, who played a role in the American War of Independence and who later testified on behalf of Marie Antoinette and paid with his head for his loyalty. Giscard is the third French president in a row who practices his Catholic faith. Thus, through his party affiliation, his religion, and his descent, he is truly a red rag for "the other France," the France of Robespierre, the France of the Communists and Socialists.

All this is going to work against Giscard, who faces increased opposition from the trade unions. Their leaders still believe, as do trade union leaders elsewhere, that the way to improve the lot of the people is to recut the cake instead of baking a bigger one. The young are not overenthusiastic about Giscard either, and some of the diehard Gaullists might prove quite intractable. They are annoyed at Giscard for eclipsing Chaban-Delmas, and they cannot approve of his Europeanism. In this they resemble the Socialist-Communist Left, which tends to present itself as "national socialist."

Giscard's cosmopolitan outlook is shared by Helmut Schmidt, Germany's new Chancellor, whom Giscard regards as a personal friend. They worked together on Common Market matters for several years, as their countries' Ministers of Finance. They speak English together, and are on first name terms. Helmut Schmidt is very different from his predecessor, Willy Brandt. He did not spend the war years safely in Scandinavia, as Brandt did, but was a lieutenant in an antiaircraft unit. He is tough and outspoken and considers himself an ideal teammate for "Valéry." "He is a liberal Conservative and I am a conservative Social Democrat. This goes well together," was his comment when it became clear that Giscard rather than Chaban-Delmas would be Mitterrand's opponent in the runoff election.

As a Social Democrat, Schmidt is reminiscent of Gustav Noske, the Defense Minister who, in 1919 and 1920, effectively quelled the various risings of the extreme Left. Schmidt has only dislike and contempt for the Young Socialists (Jusos). Whereas Brandt vacillated, Schmidt will probably cut his losses and throw the Jusos out of the party if they do not behave. He knows very well that politically they are more of a liability than an asset.

This forceful Social Democrat from Hamburg will be a much more formidable roadblock in the way of the Christian Democratic opposition than Brandt, who laid himself open to attacks from every angle. Schmidt may even turn out to be a sort of northern version of Franz-Josef Strauss, and the Social Democrats' current problems may well be followed by a rallying of forces. Much depends upon the attitude of the trade unions. Will they cause trouble for Schmidt, as they did for Brandt?

With these two new leaders, Europe in general and the slowly disintegrating Common Market are entering a new era. But one shudders at what would have happened to us all if we were saddled today with Brandt and Mitterrand. Thanks to Günter Guillaume and a few French voters, the worst did not happen. □

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COVER STORY

Henry Kissinger may be flushed with success
but the author looks at the Middle East and sees
neither permanent peace in the offing
nor an uninterrupted oil flow in our future

Keep Your Eye on the Middle East

JOHN W. BOWLING

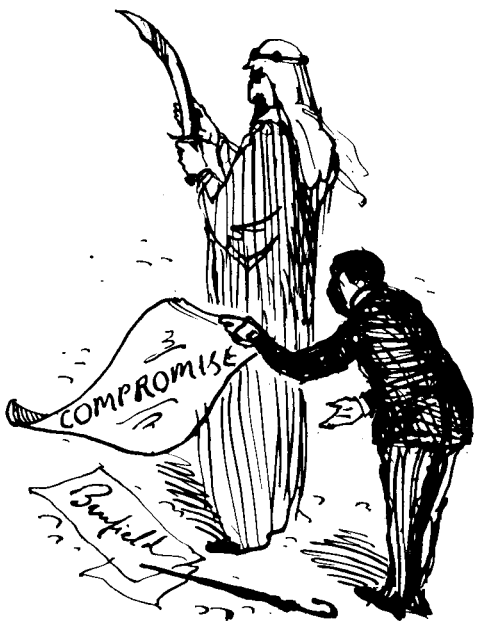
EVER SINCE the end of the Yom Kippur War, Americans have been hearing from official sources and from unofficial but authoritative commentators that:

1. A lasting and secure peace between the Arabs and Israelis is the probable product of hard and protracted bargaining.
2. Such a peace is much more likely as a result of the recent Mideast war.
3. The Arab oil embargo against the U.S. was an effort to force the United States to exercise its diplomatic skills in starting the necessary bargaining.
4. Secretary Kissinger by means of a brilliant diplomatic coup succeeded in starting the bargaining process. The Arabs therefore gratefully lifted their oil embargo, and we can now utilize our reserves of gasoline in the secure knowledge that all will be well.

None of these is true; most of them are demonstrably false. The oil embargo will probably be reimposed within the next six months for a period of at least six months. If it is lifted a second time, it will probably be reimposed a third time, and so on. As time goes on, the embargo will become more effective. The only measures the U.S. could take that would assure an uninterrupted supply of crude petroleum from the Arab countries over the foreseeable future would be both unpalatable and dangerous in terms of prestige and ultimately of military security. There are no villains in the piece; there is a great deal of stupidity and wishful thinking on all sides, but even the Russians are doing nothing more reprehensible than taking advantage of an opportunity to advance their centuries-old security goals.

To understand the rather simple but unpleasant facts that underlie the present situation and will shape the future does not require face-to-face interviews with Arab dictators or access to Top Secret information at State. It requires only a knowledge of the basic essential facts on the record, and a knowledge of what the Arab rulers are telling their own people—not what they are telling Mr. Kissinger or the Israelis or the American people. What they tell their own people may or may not reveal their intentions of the moment, but it does set up constraints which indicate the policies they cannot adopt without serious risk of overthrow from within by rivals who will not attempt to overstep these self-imposed constraints.

In speeches and via domestic radio broadcasts and newspaper editorials, all the Arab regimes of various persuasions, ranging from that of Libya through Egypt to Saudi Arabia, have stated that their "struggle" will continue until a) Israel evacuates all of the "Arab lands" occupied in 1967, and b) Israel takes unspecified action to recognize "the rights of the Palestinians."



The evacuation of all the territories seized in 1967 would make Israel highly sensitive to Arab military pressure short of war, such as interdicting cross-border artillery fire, commando raids, and mobilization scares which could weaken the Israeli economy at no cost to the Arabs with their standing armies. More importantly, it would mean that Israel would be overrun if the Arabs launched a carefully planned surprise attack from several sides similar to the one on Yom Kippur. No Israeli leader could accede to this Arab demand unless he were willing to trust eternally to Arab good will or unless he could count on some other source for guaranteed military security.

Many commentators assume that somehow the issue can be compromised, but no one can come up with a concrete compromise even hypothetically acceptable to both parties. The issue is complicated by the peculiar nature of the Jerusalem problem, which goes beyond the military aspect into powerful religious passions. It is hard to conceive of an Israeli regime which could survive if it renounced control of the Jewish holy places in Jerusalem. It is hard to conceive of a Saudi regime's surviving were it formally to abandon its efforts to gain control of the Arab holy places in Jerusalem.

What is meant by the "rights of the Palestinians"? There are several would-be leaders of the Palestinian refugee movement, but one, Yasir Arafat, head of the PLO, has been formally or in-

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The oil embargo will probably be reimposed within the next six months for a period of at least six months

formally recognized as the Palestinian spokesman. He is also regarded as the most "moderate" of the refugee leaders, the one most likely to settle for less than complete victory. He and his organization have stated repeatedly that Israel itself is "null and void." The several millions of "refugees"—actually the children and grandchildren of the original refugees—who live on the bounty of American taxpayers (no Arab oil money for *them*) are themselves utterly paranoid on the subject of Israel. Their heroes are the Arab terrorists whose deeds so horrify the civilized world.

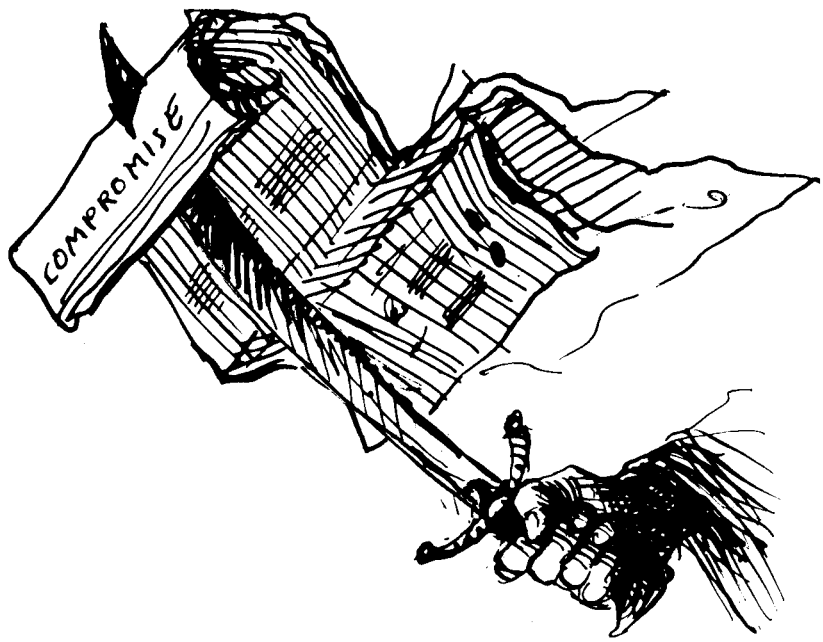
Americans are often told by learned commentators that a "compromise" solution is possible on the refugee issue. But again, no one can even sketch out a practical picture of such a compromise. A "Palestinian Arab state" composed of the West Bank of Jordan, at the expense of the wisest and most moderate of the Arab leaders, Hussein, might conceivably be accepted by a reluctant Israel, but no spokesman for the refugees or even of an existing Arab regime has ever hinted that it might be acceptable to the Arabs. Those familiar with refugee opinion are sure that should Arafat agree to such a settlement of the issue, he would disappear as quickly as a snowflake in the Sinai.

It is hardly likely that large numbers of descendants of refugees would return to Israel and settle there, even if there were room for them, to enjoy the second-class citizenship which is the lot of those Arabs who never left. The camps themselves would be psychically, if not physically, preferable. Any influx of refugee-descendants into Israel under any enforceable guarantees of truly equal rights would mean either the "democratic, secular Palestinian state" of PLO propaganda, in which the new flood of Arabs could outvote the Jews, or the institutionalization of a fifth column which would rival the machinery of the state even in peacetime, and thus render Israel utterly defenseless against implacable enemies. It is hardly possible that Israeli leaders could settle for either, and no "Palestinian" leadership could survive if it settled for less.

What of "security guarantees" by the U.S. or by both the Americans and the Russians? Anyone who believes that an American promise of military assistance other than loans and munitions would be worth the paper it was written on is mistaken. The threat of Russian-supported guerrilla warfare alone would be enough to scare off an America which can watch with equanimity the Cambodian government and people go down, and can watch Saigon's coffin being constructed without blinking an eye. Much worse would be the very real threat of a Russian-American conventional war in the Middle East, where the outcome would be, to put it mildly, in grave doubt.

THE circumstances under which Russia would defend Israel are even more far-fetched. Russian intentions at present have been only too public; the Yom Kippur attack was planned and executed with Russian knowledge, material assistance, and approval. The Russian government, presumably relaxing under the influence of detente, equipped and re-equipped the Arab states, urged all Arab states to join in the hostilities, blocked a ceasefire while the Arabs were winning, threatened to enter the war to get a ceasefire when it became apparent the Arabs were losing, and recently urged the Arab states publicly to continue the oil embargo against the United States. The future holds bright prospects for Brezhnev, and doubtless the ghost of Peter the Great smiles. The march of events promises to drive the U.S. completely out of the area and to gain still more kudos from the Third World and even from the political masochists among European intellectuals. With U.S. influence and power gone, Turkey and Iran, the real goals of Russian policy, could be squeezed from both sides and reduced to the status of Finland or even turned into satellites. Furthermore, purely internal political problems in the Russian empire require the dismantling of Zionism as a prerequisite to the control of the restive national minorities of the USSR.

The Yom Kippur War and its conclusions have not meant that the prospects for a peace minimally satisfactory to both sides have brightened. The military result of the war was another unqualified proof of Israeli military superiority over any combination of its Arab neighbors. In 1948 the Arabs could claim they weren't ready. In 1956 Israel was joined by Britain and France. In 1967 Israel was tactically



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and technically the aggressor by virtue of its surprise air attacks. But in 1973 the Israeli militia was mobilized and it soundly defeated the much larger and better equipped standing armies of its enemies, even though the Israelis were the victims of a well concealed and long planned surprise attack.

If it had not been for the ceasefire Israeli troops could have methodically destroyed or captured every Russian plane, gun, tank, or shell in Egypt and Syria, captured as many Egyptian and Syrian soldiers as they might want, dynamited the War Ministries in Cairo and Damascus, and blown up every seaport dock and airport runway in both countries before retreating to the borders of whatever territory they chose to keep. This fact seems to have been forgotten in the spate of commentary about high Arab morale. It represents the final military balance in the area if the superpowers stay out or are kept out.

The Israelis are well aware of the decisiveness of their military superiority over the Arabs. They are also aware of three other things, however, which were not perhaps clear to them before the October War. The first is that the Arabs can unite against Israel. That may be all they can unite for, but the Israelis can no longer assume that the Arab front will be divided. The second is that the Arab diplomatic victory over Israel is complete; Israel can no longer hope for any sympathy in the UN or for munitions from Europe or Japan. The third is that Russia is now ready to intervene not only with billions of dollars in arms, but with the biggest and possibly the best ground army in the world, if necessary, to protect its Arab protégés from a crushing military defeat.

Therefore the big change in Israel's security position is quite simple: Israel now has no shield against Russian military strength other than the U.S.; Turkey and Iran, for example, cannot count unless the U.S. has committed itself. And Israel also has no source of military supplies other than the U.S. Whether Israel gets the supplies by purchase or by grant is of no significance. The important thing is that the U.S. is now demonstrably the only force which can even begin to match the munitions the Russians send to the Arabs. (Actually, Israeli military superiority is so great that one unit of military hardware in Israeli hands seems to be equivalent to about four units in the hands of the Arabs.) This dependence on the U.S. was probably a fact long before October, but now, unpleasant though it may be, it is inescapable for the Israelis.

The Arabs, too, have learned things from the October War and its aftermath. Unfortunately, and in typical Arab fashion, they have not learned the same things the rest of us learned. Saved in the nick of time from crushing military defeat at the hands of their weaker enemy, their governments have persuaded their peoples and probably themselves that they have won a military victory! Right at the time of the ceasefire there might have been room for doubt in the minds of well educated Arabs, but an immense volume of propaganda, Arab and Russian, by all media seems to have convinced most educated and semi-educated Arabs that for the first time since 1948 the Arabs can be confident of a local military edge over the Israelis. Therefore, such Arabs, in and out of governments or refugee organizations, feel immensely encouraged as to the prospects for reaching their objectives vis-a-vis Israel. They have been led to believe that with Russian support they can gain their ends by a renewal of military action. Of course this is a fantastic illusion as long as the U.S. can and will prevent direct Russian military intervention and provide a minimum of weapons and munitions to Israel. But no one who follows the Arab press and radio can doubt at all that the illusion is accepted as demonstrable fact by all the Arabs who matter.

The prospects for a compromise solution, bad enough before the late war, are probably even worse after it. The Israelis' reluctance to hand back the key sectors of the territories occupied in 1967 has been solidified—the surprise attack proved precisely what the Israeli hawks had been arguing. Both sides are more confident that in another recourse to arms they will be able to enhance their own bargaining positions. The hopes of Arab refugee leaders have been raised and their willingness to compromise reduced, while their capacity to influence Arab regimes is probably greater than it was. The most significant result was the underlining to the whole world of Israel's military dependence on the United States to counterbalance Russia in terms of naked force and supplies. This is important in one contingency only—if the U.S. does put pressure on Israel to reach a settlement acceptable to the Arabs.

The oil embargo was explained by the Arab governments to their own people as a means of punishing Israel by intimidating the Americans without whom Israel would be at the military mercy of the Arabs. For more than a decade Arab and Russian propagandists have been successfully persuading politically conscious Arabs, refugees and others alike, that Israel's strength was really America's strength. Arabs welcomed Russian support as offsetting what they felt to be existing American support for Israel. They always believed that if the superpowers canceled each other out they, the Arabs, would be able to enforce their will on the Israelis. No Arab believes the truth, namely, that Israel by herself can easily handle the Arabs if the superpowers are neutralized. Nasser in 1967 declared jointly with Hussein that Egypt was fighting not only the Israelis but the planes and guns of the American Sixth Fleet. This propaganda line was never disavowed; most Egyptians still believe it.

The Yom Kippur attack was planned and executed with Russian knowledge, material assistance, and approval

WOULD IT not then be sensible to attack the Americans while their Israeli puppets were being attacked? There was only one way to do this—to utilize American dependence on petroleum from Arab countries. The seizure of American oil companies was satisfying, but it was evident that the way to make the American eagle scream was to cut off petroleum at the aorta. And

(Continues on page 698)

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The amazing story

It was made in England in the eighteenth century and it cracked the very first time it was rung on these shores. Yet for soldier and citizen it has remained an enduring symbol of Liberty and Freedom in the new republic. Read on about the Liberty Bell and about a rather shrewd investment some twentieth century Americans are making in it.

IN 1751, the Province of Pennsylvania had a policy of individual freedom that much influenced the other colonies. It was fitting that when the Assembly of the Province decided to order a bell, they asked that on the bell's shoulder be inscribed the biblical phrase from Leviticus XXV. 10 "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Thomas Lester's Whitechapel Foundry in London was chosen to cast the bell and in September 1752, it arrived in America. Philadelphians gathered in the State House yard to hear it ring out. It cracked, however, upon the first strike, perhaps due to mishandling by amateur colonial bell hangers, eager to hear it. In 400 years, it was to be the only bell from Whitechapel's to have so cracked. "Two ingenious workmen", John Pass and John Stow recast it, but Norris did not like its tone and had it recast a second time. It was then hung in the State House tower; and for the next twenty years, it would ring out on the burning issues of the day. It loudly proclaimed the coronation of George III but was muffled as it sadly tolled the "death of liberty" when the Stamp Act was enforced in 1765.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

On June 1, 1774, the bell was again muffled and tolled in sympathy with the people of Boston on the closing of their port. Following receipt of tidings of the Battle of Lexington, April 25, 1775, the bell called together 8,000 people (by computation) who assembled in the State House yard and agreed, unanimously, "to associate for the purpose of defending with arms, our lives, liberty and property against all attempts to deprive us of them."

The supreme effort of the bell to proclaim liberty was next in order. The historic second session of the Continental Congress was already underway, and the final break with Great Britain only a matter of weeks, perhaps days. The resolution sponsored by Richard Henry Lee was presented June 7, 1776, declaring "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved;" In the interval, a special committee had been appointed to draft a formal statement. The Lee resolution was agreed to July 2, and the Declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson, after revision in the committee of the whole, adopted July 4. Then, on July 8, 1776, the bell rang to summon the patriots for the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence, which had been adopted four days earlier by the Continental Congress. The bell was now part of American history. The birth of an Independent Republic, the seed of a world power, was an accomplished fact. The old State House Bell, as it was then called, was now to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," to ring out independence, to have its sequel taken up in every town and hamlet, to set in motion a never-ceasing force against tyranny and oppression. When a British army threatened to occupy Philadelphia in 1777, the Bell was dramatically spirited away to nearby Allentown and hidden beneath the floor boards of the Zion Reform Church. After it was returned to Philadelphia in 1778 it pealed forth great news, ringing out loud and clear from Cornwallis' surrender in 1781 until it cracked again, permanently, in 1835. It has been cautiously rung many times since with a rubber mallet. In 1944, on D-Day, its muffled sound was broadcast over network radio.

IN COMMEMORATION

To commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1976, the famous Whitechapel Bell Foundry of London (the same bellmakers who cast the original Liberty Bell) is casting a limited number of Bicentennial Liberty Bells to the original design and on the original site. About 100 of the two thousand pound full-scale replicas are being cast, for delivery to communities throughout the Nation.

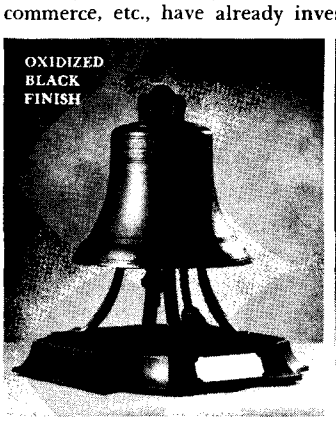
In addition to the 100 large bells Whitechapel is casting a Limited Edition of 2400 smaller 1/5 scale replicas utilizing a special process. Over 1000 of these bells have already been ordered and about 900 of them have been delivered, thus far, to Americans throughout U.S.A.

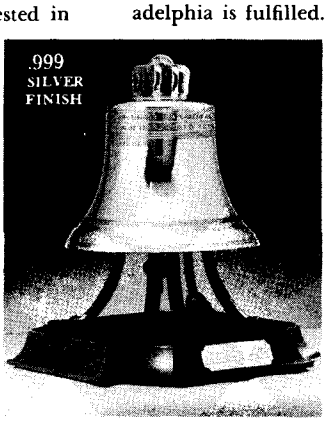
This worthwhile project has been given the recognition, sanction and endorsement, of many organizations and official Government agencies. For instance, The Bicentennial Council of the Thirteen Original States, the non-profit organization comprised of state officials representing the Bicentennial Commissions of each of the thirteen original states, has designated the Whitechapel Bell Foundry as the "Official" bell-maker for America's Bicentennial. The administrators of Independence National Historic Park, where the original Liberty Bell is enshrined, (operated by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of Interior) have also pledged their full cooperation in support of this Official Bicentennial Liberty Bell Project.

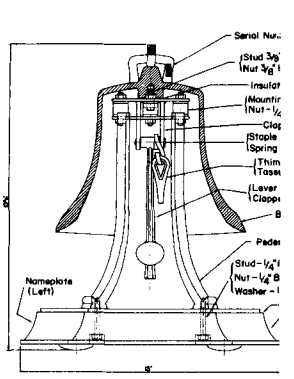
Many veterans groups, patriotic organizations, service clubs, local chambers of commerce, etc., have already invested in the ownership of one of the limited number of the smaller replicas. They plan to use them during the Bicentennial period and then retain them for their collector value thereafter. The purchase price of the replica in the oxidized black finish (the same color as the 1752 bell) is $875. In polished bronze it is $925 . . . in .999 Silver plate it is $990 and in 22 karat gold plate it is $1365. These prices include duty, special crating, insurance and overseas shipment to the U.S.A.

Each 1/5 scale Liberty Bell replica weighs approximately 20 lbs. and stands 15½ inches high on a plynth of hand-carved Oak grown in Windsor Forest. A plate made from Old English sterling silver is mounted on the right hand side of the plynth, bearing the words "Cast by the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, London, to the Original Design of the Liberty Bell Cast by Them on the Same Site in the Year of Our Lord 1752". For the left hand side, a special hand-engraved matching silver plaque bearing the owners name and personal inscription can be ordered for $5.00 and 30¢ a letter for engraving.

The Bicentennial bells are exact in every particular to that cast in 1752 by Whitechapel's master founder, Thomas Lester, for the State House of Pennsylvania (now called Independence Hall). The Whitechapel Bell Foundry was founded in 1570 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. Many of its earliest bells are still in existence, including two bells at Westminster Abbey cast in 1583 and 1598. Among the recent bells from Whitechapel are those of Washington Cathedral, hung in 1964. The bells of Big Ben, which towers over the Houses of Parliament, were also cast at Whitechapel, as were the great bell of Bow in London in 1750 and the bells of St. Clement's in 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada. Both are remembered in the old nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons." The bell itself is made in the manner of the original Liberty Bell, embossed with the quotation from Leviticus XXV. 10 in type face used by the original bellfounder, Thomas Lester. The clapper, drawn into a hand grip with a tasseled cord, strikes the walls of the bell and causes it to ring a perfectly-tuned note at each stoke. Each bell has been meticulously tuned (actually five partial tones are tuned together) to its final and perfect pitch—E Flat—the same tone as the 1752 bell. The bell will have no crack! It will sing its song as magnificently as the original Liberty Bell did when Lester tested it before it left London. In this way, the ancient and historic contract between London and Philadelphia is fulfilled.







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of the Liberty Bell

HOW TO MAKE A BELL

To make this reproduction possible, the Whitchapel Bell Foundry has incorporated and refined an ancient process which had not been used in bellmaking for over 600 years but has been used mainly to reproduce exact detail in fine metallic art work. This is the cire perdu or "lost wax" method of bellcasting, which was recorded most notably in the 12th century by the medieval monk Theophilus in his "De Diversis Artibus", but which was subsequently superseded by the "false bell" method. The principal advantage of the "lost wax" process—and an absolute essential in the making of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell—is the high quality of the resultant castings, particularly where intricate or decorative work is involved. The Liberty Bell has an inscription of 170 separate letters, and this inscription proved disappointing when cast normally at a scaled-down ratio of five to one. To overcome this, and to preserve the clarity of the lettering at reduced size, the Whitechapel Bell Foundry evolved, after two years' research, a process which involved fashioning the primary pattern of the bell not in traditional clay but in wax of medieval bellmakers.

In essence, the technique at the primary stages is not dissimilar to that described by Theophilus, although now considerably refined. In short, it involves making a complete bell in wax, and then investing, or coating, this in a ceramic material.

PERFECTION OR DOOM

This ceramic material builds up very slowly in outer shell of some ten coats thickness, using a combination of first aqueous colloidal silica and then calcined china clay. This process, carried out by hand with immense care, is critical to the whole and takes about a week. Any error in the application can result in an imperfection, in which all of their exacting work is for naught, for each finished bell must be *perfect* or it is destroyed and consigned to the kiln.

The invested bell is then placed in a de-waxing furnace, which melts the original pattern, leaving only the ceramic shell—now the master pattern. This is baked at high temperature and provides the final mould from which the actual bell is then cast with molten bell metal. When the metal has cooled and hardened, the ceramic pattern is smashed away, leaving a magnificent bronze bell.

The casting, and all subsequent stages —such as tuning, polishing, and assembly —are done by conventional methods, the result being a bell of the highest authenticity. The process allows the foundry to capture the original lettering of 1752—the precise form of the letters used by Thomas Lester was checked by reference to dozens of bells cast by him and still in use in steeples all over England.

MOUNTING

The mounting of the Bicentennial Liberty Bell has been carefully engineered and no detail has been spared to obtain absolute perfection. The bell is secured by a single center bolt inside its crown to a steel plate to which the jaws of the clapper staple are welded. The forged clapper swings between these jaws on a plated steel pin running in a nylon sleeve to ensure free silent action and perfect mechanical insulation. It is actuated by a silken tassel attached by a solid brass eyelet to a lever which is part of the clapper forging.

To provide the "give" necessary to insulate the bell and clapper together from the forged pedestal and oak base, and to enable it to absorb the occasional jolt in safety, the steel crown plate is connected to the pedestal through four special neoprene and rubber vibration mountings, which in turn are mounted on a steel ring which forms a common connection for the four "legs" of the pedestal. The lower ends, or feet, of these forgings are bolted through the oak plinth. In reducing a bell by scaling it down to one-fifth of its original size, the clapper must be reduced by the same scale to maintain the correct proportion; but while profiles can be scaled, "nature" cannot and the miniature clapper would not bring out the rich tone of the bell. This problem was overcome by introducing into the striking face of the clapper forging a "plug" made from a special type of nylon, which backed up by the weight of the clapper bell, ensures that the bell gives its full tonal resonance.

MADE TO ENDURE

Theophilus, writing on the intricacies of bell founding, stated "that the craft requires *not* indolent workmen, but keen dedicated men, for fear the bell be spoiled at some point in its manufacture." Whitechapel has ensured that nothing has been spared in the design and making of the Bicentennial Bells and their mountings and has fully maintained the ancient traditions of its craft. These bells have been made to *endure*. With proper care, there is no reason why they should not ring in the tercentary and quadricentary celebrations of these United States. Every bell is fully guaranteed—against any defect. And they are guaranteed *never* to crack!

Only 2,400 bells will be cast—each bell thus symbolically representing a separate month of independence. WHEN THE LIMITED EDITION IS COMPLETED, THE MASTER MOULD WILL BE DESTROYED. Only a limited number of Americans will ever have the privilege of owning one.

A PRUDENT INVESTMENT

Although the bells have been available but a relatively short time, more than 800 have already been snapped up by collectors, businesses, universities, and private individuals. Indeed a bell, purchased from one of the earlier castings, would already bring almost 23 percent more in resale at the established price.

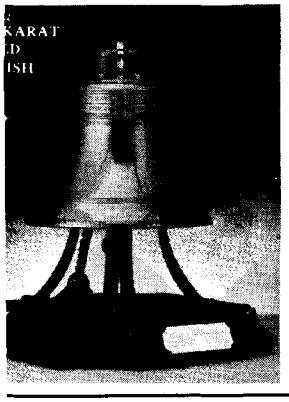
While there are no direct comparisons, it is interesting to chart the continuous growth in value of certain other limited editions during recent years. The Winston Churchill Commemorative Medal struck in London in 1965 increased in value by 80 percent within two years. Perhaps the record is held by a pair of Dorothy Doughty quail, issued by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company in 1940 as part of a limited edition, which fetched about $50,000 in a spirited auction recently. To take a more ordinary example, a porcelain figure of Princess Elizabeth, part of a 1947 limited edition, sold for $280 each, is now valued at over $4,000.

GOOD TO GET – GOOD TO GIVE

Of the nearly nine hundred bells thus delivered, each has been received with absolute satisfaction. Historical Societies, Foundations, Businesses, Churches, Museums, even Government Agencies, have been, without exception, well pleased. So, too, have the most finicky of private collectors. A number of generous subscribers have ordered the bells for the purpose of donating them to Universities, Colleges, and Museums. Some subscribers order one for themselves (and their families) and another to donate. Such a gift will be long-remembered.

If you wish to commission the casting of a bell, we urge you to fill out the coupon below and send it at once, along with your deposit, to avoid disappointment. Since less than 1400 replicas remain and the total readership of National Review is estimated to be more than half a million, we must insist on the following terms; serial numbers will be assigned strictly on the basis of time of receipt, and we cannot guarantee early delivery of any order received after July 15, 1974.

Each bell is fully and unconditionally guaranteed. They are not available in stores, nor will orders from stores be accepted.



Limited Editions Collectors Society NR

Subsidiary of H. L. Sturges and Sons, Inc., 160 Old Derby Road, Liberty Plain, Hingham, Massachusetts 02043

To: Mr. Douglas Hughes, Master Founder, Whitechapel Bell Foundry

I wish to commission the casting of a Liberty Bell Replica in the finish checked below. Please make a casting reservation and assign a serial number to me. I understand that upon completion of my bell I will receive an owner's certificate and will be listed in your Master Founder's directory as the original owner. The bells in this limited edition are serially numbered in the order in which payment or deposits are received.

Signature _____

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment in full is enclosed ☐ $100 deposit enclosed

Select One Finish

High Gloss Gold	$1365	☐
High Gloss Silver	$ 990	☐
Polished Bronze	$ 925	☐
Oxidized Black	$ 875	☐

Please make a check payable to The Liberty Bell Limited Edition, and mail to Limited Editions Collectors Society, 160 Old Derby Road, Hingham, Mass. 02043

☐ Charge my *deposit* (full payment may *not* be charged) to:

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Master Charge No. _____

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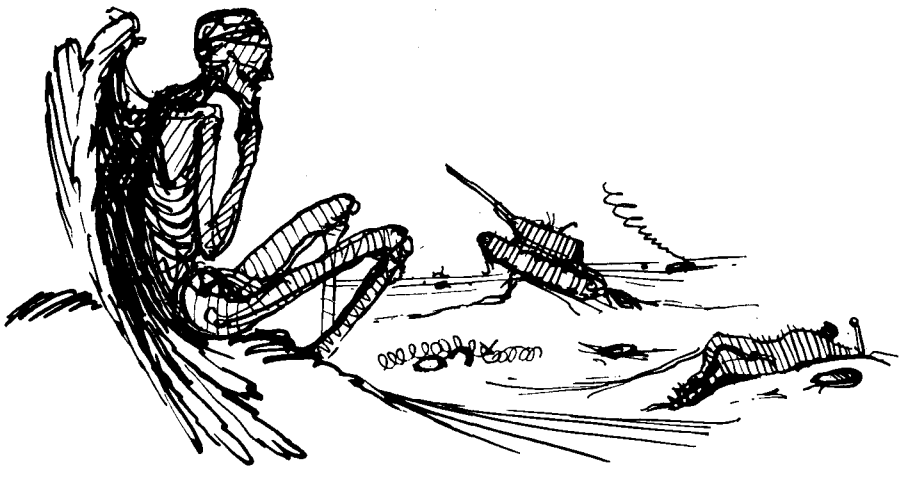
this was the way in which the embargo was justified to the peoples of the Arab countries.

No Arab was interested in pressing the U.S. to act as a diplomatic go-between. Actually, the Arabs would have gone out of their way to keep the Americans out of serious equal-to-equal negotiations with the Israelis, just as the Israelis would have sought to minimize the Russian role in such negotiations. The Arabs applied the embargo weapon in hopes that the pain of a petroleum shortage would force the U.S. to withdraw support from Israel. A one-two punch was envisioned and specifically described in Arab propaganda to Arabs: a renewal of the "victorious" war to threaten the Israelis, accompanied by the oil embargo to force the reluctant Americans to instruct their puppets to give way. That is all that the negotiations have ever meant to the Arabs. The Arabs have never conceived of *themselves* as giving way at all. The Arabs do not expect the entire game all at once; they foresee a series of long, drawn-out negotiations which may even be broken by periods of war and embargo, but they expect and have promised their people that all the movement in the negotiations will be at the expense of the Israelis. So far things have gone according to plan. The Israelis have given up a part of the Sinai, and Egypt has full control of the Suez Canal, with a promise of American aid to clear and operate the waterway. The military advantages to the Russians of a re-opening of the Canal in Egyptian hands are so great and so obvious that no elaboration is necessary. The Israelis next will be expected to give up part of the strategic Golan Heights and the U.S. is expected to encourage them to do so in the face of a renewa. of the oil embargo.

The embargo should therefore be viewed as a weapon designed to force the U.S. and Israel to give way to Arab demands. That is the only way the Arabs see it. Secretary Kissinger is a negotiator of patience, industry, and great talents, but so far he has saved the Egyptian and Syrian military forces from a catastrophic defeat, presided over the reoccupation by Egypt of a strip of the Sinai, and blessed the return of operational control of the Suez to Egypt. He is next expected to produce at least a big chunk of the Golan Heights for Syria. If he does not, the screw of the oil embargo will be turned once more; if that does not produce quick results, more fighting, more Russian arms and advisers, and more Russian threats of intervention should do the job. The only shades of difference one can find in Arab opinion relate to timing; "moderates" are willing to wait five years for the return of the 1967 territories and another five for the "restoration of the rights of the Palestinians," while "radicals" believe these objectives can be accomplished within a year.

The prospects for a compromise solution, bad enough before the late war, are probably even worse after it



THE argument can be made that U.S. pressure on the Israelis is long overdue, and that despite the overt stance of Arab regimes and refugee organizations Israeli concessions would be met by a reasonable Arab spirit of give-and-take. On its surface this would appear to represent a long shot indeed, but it has long been urged by the State Department's Arabists, who are probably the best informed, most talented, and most competent group in the U.S. national security apparatus. The problem in accepting this long-elaborated argument is that it would have been much more effective as a diplomatic initiative before the October War than after it. Therefore this approach is a blunder in itself or the delay in implementing it is a blunder.

High-level officials and eminent journalists with personal access to Arab leaders tell us that these leaders are really quite reasonable men who will settle for just a few prestige points against the Israelis. Arab leaders may or may not be frank when they make such statements, but the truth or untruth of their statements is not important. What is important is that they have been locked in by the success of their own propaganda. Their own people believe that war and embargo are successful weapons which can be used to go all the way toward the twin Arab objectives, which translate at best into an Israeli semi-state living at the mercy of the Arabs. If the leaders fail to follow through, they have handed to their own rivals and ambitious followers the sharpened weapons by which the leaders can be spotlighted as betrayers of the sacred Arab cause, and forthwith overthrown by successors carrying the same burden as their predecessors.

Why aren't the Israelis screaming bloody murder to the Americans as they see the shape of the fate being prepared for them? To understand the Israeli attitude, one must realize that though the ruling elites in Israel are products of Western civilization, they are specifically infected with the other-worldly vision of Eastern European socialism. They cannot in their inner-

(Continues on page 717)

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ECONOMICS

Brazil Nuts

ALAN REYNOLDS

SINCE OUR editorial on cost-of-living escalators in Brazil ["Up the Down Escalator," March 29], the *New York Times* has published articles by Soma Golden and Marvine Howe criticizing Milton Friedman's support of Brazil-style escalators. "Professor Friedman," says Golden, "carefully skirts the events of 1964 to 1967, when the most dramatic cuts in Brazil's inflation rate occurred." But Friedman is quite clear that what makes the post-1967 experience unique is that growth accelerated as inflation declined. From 1964 to 1967, the slowdown of monetary growth did cut inflation, as Friedman's theory would lead one to expect, but the average annual increase in real output was less than 4 per cent—barely enough to keep up with Brazil's 2.8 per cent annual population growth. Since 1967, when the "monetary correction" was instituted, the rate of saving more than doubled and real growth has not fallen below 9 per cent in any year.

"If everyone is truly protected from inflation," asks Professor Ronald Krieger, "what incentive would the government have to slow down the economy and squeeze price levels down?" But Brazil's lesson is that the economy doesn't have to "slow down" to reduce inflation. Most disruptions and paralyzing uncertainty associated with fluctuating price levels, can, despite the limitations of price indices, be alleviated through cost-of-living adjustments. That means that slowing inflation need not be a political liability: it would not create massive unemployment, which occurs when employers are locked in to long-term wage agreements based on an earlier inflation. It is unrealistic to assume that an escalator adds to what would otherwise be a modest increase in nominal wages, prices, or interest rates. Similarly, starting an inflation would no longer be a political asset: an unexpected increase in inflation would not stimulate employment by temporarily lowering real wages and interest rates, nor would it increase the tax take by diluting exemptions and pushing people into higher brackets. By itself, wide use of escalators will neither "institutionalize" nor raise or lower inflation—that depends on the rate of increase of the money supply.

Some criticism of the Brazilian economic arrangements is downright obtuse. Louis Walinsky, in *The New Republic*, dismisses the argument by claiming that "the poor are even worse off now," and the system would fall apart without "savagely repressive dictatorship." One can, of course admire a particular policy without condoning the entire regime. But Walinsky's *non sequitur* is too popular to be ignored. Marvine Howe, for example, somehow links Brazil's escalators to an estimate that "the real wage of unskilled workers declined more than 30 per cent over the decade ending in 1970."

Who Gets What

Various estimates of who gets what in Brazil have been offered by those advocating slower growth and massive income redistribution: the UN, Marcos Freire of Brazil's opposition party, the militant Brazilian bishops, and U.S. professors Fishlow, Cline, Dent, and Furtado. Though the figures sound precise, they all differ substantially. *Newsweek* says the top 5 per cent of the population get 38 per cent of the money income; *The Nation* says the top 5 per cent get 50 per cent. (For perspective, the top 5 per cent in the U.S. received 26 to 33 per cent of all money income as late as 1929.) A typical comparison, from the *Washington Post*, says the share of national income going to the top 10 per cent of the working population grew from 40 per cent in 1960 to 48 per cent in 1970, while the share going to the lowest 40 per cent had declined from 11.6 to 10 per cent. Since production and employment were much higher, the poor could still be better off. But this comparison, like Marvine Howe's, is disingenuous. It begins with a year during which minimum wages were increased by 60 per cent, followed by a few years of leftist misrule when the inflation rate topped 100 per cent and real per capita income fell, followed by the necessarily painful monetary tightening of the Campos regime (1964-67) when real wages declined. The period in question is not 1960 to 1970, but 1967 to 1974.

The economically active population of Brazil is only 32 per cent of the total population, compared with a world average of 43 per cent. Only 18 per cent of this small labor force work in industry. Nearly 70 per cent of the population are outside the money economy altogether. Unskilled people flock to the cities (1,000 a day in São Paulo), creating the chaos that has always accompanied industrial revolution. The government has tried, unsuccessfully, to limit wage increases to the monetary correction plus a premium for productivity in order to expand job opportunities for those entering the cities—at least 8 per cent of whom have been unemployed.

The Brazilian Literacy Movement cut illiteracy from 33 to 26 per cent in a little over two years. Special tax incentives have drawn investment into the depressed Northeast and Amazon regions. The "military" government is spending $16 million on prison reform, and devotes only 2 per cent of GNP to armed forces (compared with 6 per cent in Cuba). A recent statute protects the property rights of 100,000 native Indians. The Housing Bank built 700,000 units in seven years. The length of paved roads was more than doubled between 1963 and 1971, and federal spending on education rose 142 per cent in real terms. Production of food rose 41 per cent in those years, and the average daily caloric intake in urban areas is now about the same as in Sweden. It isn't paradise, and like most of the underdeveloped world it certainly isn't democratic, but it is progress.

In April, the *New York Times* reported that "in the last few months, unskilled workers' wages have increased by about 50 per cent, and the legal minimum wage [about $55 a month] no longer means anything." In short, the benefits of growth *are* spreading, at least since 1968, and the monetary correction probably deserves a great deal of the credit. □

Mr. Reynolds is an associate editor at NATIONAL REVIEW.

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LETTER FROM LATIN AMERICA

Newly Minted Generals

ROBERT PETER

FIFTEEN or 20 years ago South Americans thought they smelled the morning air of Democracy. In 1952 Bolivia's military government was toppled; in 1955 Juan Perón fell from power, and two years later General Pedro Eugenio Aramburu insisted on handing the Argentinian presidency over to a civilian. Other military men were on the way out: General Odría in Peru, General Rojas Pinilla in Colombia, General Pérez Jiménez in Venezuela, and former sergeant Fulgencia Batista in Cuba; even the dean of dictators, "*Generalísimo y Benefactor*" Rafael Leónidas Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, vanished in a burst of gunfire. Democracy blossomed everywhere, except in Nicaragua, which is sort of a family property of the Somozas, and Paraguay, where General Stroessner had himself elected, most democratically as always, for another four-year period of dictatorship, and another, and then another . . .

But today there are military governments in Bolivia, Peru, Chile, and Brazil, and soldiers run the show backstage in Uruguay. Cuba enjoys a dictatorship which makes Batista's look like child's play. What happened in the late Fifties and Sixties to cause this?

Liberal and professional propagandists have always characterized South American military men as tools of the oligarchy, mercenaries of imperialism, protectors of social injustice, killers of democracy. Soldiers, whatever they do, are evil men who cannot rid themselves of the habit of ousting decent democrats. There is some historical validity to this image. It was generals, Bolívar, San Martín, O'Higgins, who fought for the independence of South America from Spain. Later generations of officers who did little more than wear a uniform inherited much of their glory. A natural partnership arose between those who had the arms and the *latifundistas*, who had the riches. Together they formed the oligarchy that later was broadened to include the industrialists and financiers.

But today's ruling military men in South America are of a very different stripe, and they differ also among themselves as to character, ideas, and methods.

In Brazil they still form an elite. Marshal Humberto de Alencar Castelo Branco, president after the overthrow of João Goulart in 1964, belonged to the Brazilian aristocracy; the next president, Marshal Arthur de Costa e Silva, came from the middle class, whose sons, a few decades ago, would not have dreamed of becoming marshal or president. The marshals in Brazil recognized that a good officer is not necessarily a good economist, so they picked first-class experts, and the result was an unheard-of boom in a country that came close to political and economic breakdown under President Goulart.

In Peru the generals come from the lower strata. Like the Argentinian military, they insist on handling everything, even the economic problems, themselves, but with a vital difference: they show surprising knowledge and aptitude. It is too early to say whether the Peruvian experiment will succeed in socializing the society while keeping Communism out, and in integrating millions of Indians into the economy. But there is no doubt that the officers know what they want, and that they don't want it for themselves.

In Uruguay, with its tradition of civilian government, the important families have never steered their sons into the military. It was only the utmost desperation that led the government to entrust the army with the suppression of the Tupamaros, and it was almost funny to see the general amazement when the soldiers did such a competent job.

Then there is the special case of Chile. The members of the military junta there, none of whom belongs to the oligarchy, are under severe attack for having thwarted Allende's great experiment and killing numbers of people in the process. There should be no doubt about one thing: the executions went on for too long. Executing terrorists after capture is wrong, martial law or not. Furthermore, it is simply not done in Latin America except by Fidel Castro—who, incidentally, sent far more men to the *paredón* than the Chilean generals. But let there be no mistake about something else: Allende's experiment did not fail because the military stepped in; the truth is that the military stepped in because the experiment failed. There's no such thing as pluralistic Communism, and when Allende and his supporters found that out (if they had ever believed otherwise), they prepared to go about establishing Communism the other way—that is, by force. The country was ruined, civil war was about to break out. The extreme Left tried to incite the navy to mutiny, Allende refused to give up power, and the generals stepped in. Even their foes have to admit that the junta didn't act for personal advantage.

THIS BRIEF summary shows how different Latin America's new soldiers are from the prototype. What is it that has brought these generals stage center almost everywhere? The answer is simple. They took power because of the total incapability, the nepotism, corruption, and shameless demagoguery of the civilian trustees of democracy. "Corruption" should be understood in the widest sense. It is not confined to accepting bribes or kickbacks, or using public funds for private profit; it was corruption, political corruption, when Argentina's Frondizi split a great party and made a secret pact with the enemy, namely Perón, in his grab for the presidency. It was also corruption when the Tupamaros in Uruguay disposed of a huge booty of golden coins in the robbery of the Mailhos Company with the help of the chairman of the House of Representatives.

Most of the new officers claim that they mean to reestablish democracy when new and more solid foundations have been laid for the turnover. This is true, but it is not enough. The *sine qua non* for a working democracy in South America is that the new type of military be followed by a new type of civilian. There are dishearteningly few signs that this is happening. □

Mr. Peter writes periodic reports for NR *from his base in Uruguay.*

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INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE

Will Mr. Harris Ever Learn?

JAMES L. PAYNE

SINCE IT IS now generally conceded that, for better or worse, the media constitute a fourth branch of government, let us ponder the credentials of a fifth branch: the public opinion polls.

The attention given to polls in recent years supports their claims; the most important facts about such matters as Vietnam and Watergate seem to be poll results. How the war was going seemed less important than how the public thought the war was going; what Nixon did in connection with Watergate seemed, at least until recently, less important than what the public thought he had done.

Before we concede too much authority to the polls, however, we ought to remind ourselves of their limitations. It is often said, of course, that the polls are wrong. Unfortunately, there is little specific criticism, little explanation about why this or that poll is misleading. The general tendency is to accept poll results as facts when the results are congenial, and when they are not, to retreat with the rather lame blanket objection that polls are often wrong.

There are several causes inhibiting real criticism of the polls. First, the only real public tests of their accuracy are their predictions of election results, which are ordinarily so close as to make us impute a similar accuracy to all polling, and to forget the important distinction between polling about specific election options and surveys of attitudes. Indeed, objectors to attitude polls usually support their contentions by reminding us that the pollsters were wrong about the 1948 election, a point whose effect lessens as 1948 recedes further into the past. Second, we are usually kept in the dark about sampling procedures, and have no way of knowing in a given case whether a poll is based on a representative selection of respondents, and therefore whether its results are distorted.

But the most serious defect of opinion surveys lies in the questions asked. If these questions are loaded, vague, or confusing, the results of the survey are contaminated. This obvious point is curiously neglected in the handling of survey results. Although the questions are normally given when the survey is first reported, they are almost always deleted when columnists or senators relay the results. We rarely hear "79 per cent of the public agreed with the statement, 'The war in Vietnam has been a difficult and frustrating experience.'" Instead we hear the speaker transmit his presumption of the statement's content: "79 per cent of the people oppose the war in Vietnam." This disregard for the wording of public opinion statements reveals a profound naiveté; the unstated assumption is that any question on a given subject, say, "opposition to the war in Vietnam," would reveal about the same proportion of agreement and dissent.

BUT THIS IS rarely true. Changing the wording of a question usually causes major shifts in percentages of apparent sentiment. This hardly requires documentation, perhaps, but an illustration from my own experiments will dramatize the point.

My technique has been to give a group of subjects a written questionnaire containing loaded policy questions, then, two weeks later, to give them another questionnaire concerning the same issues, but with the questions loaded in the opposite direction. For example, I gave the following question to 66 political science majors at the University of Maine. "People who don't earn their own living are not entitled to have the taxpayers support them in comfort." Half the students disagreed, 39 per cent agreed, and 11 per cent were undecided. If we pretend that question wording doesn't matter, we may summarize the results thus: only 50 per cent of the students favor welfare.

Two weeks later I gave them this statement: "A country has an obligation to see that its less fortunate citizens are given a decent standard of living." This time 88 per cent agreed, 12 per cent disagreed. Now 88 per cent of the students "favor welfare."

Further study reveals that the subjects most likely to change their apparent opinions in response to question-loading are those who are less interested in politics, and less knowledgeable about it. This finding should hardly surprise us; and what is true of students of political science is probably true, in even greater measure, of the public at large. How are we to cope with the hazards of loaded questions? A little thought and some knowledge of English usage usually suffice; sometimes a little guidance is also helpful.

Let's take the case of pollster Louis Harris. Although the questions he asks are often appropriate for sounding public opinion, it must also be observed that many of them are defective. A recent Harris question (June 1973) ran as follows:

> (Tell me if you tend to agree or disagree with the following statement.)
> *It is hard to believe that, with his closest associates involved in the Watergate affair, President Nixon did not know about the planning and later coverup of the affair.*

Mr. Harris called this item "a projective question" which he believed measured "where public suspicions lay" about the Watergate affair. But was it likely to measure anything? First, consider the use of the vague "It is hard to believe that," an idiom with at least three meanings:

1) I do not believe ("I find it hard to believe the world is flat"); 2) I believe, but find it surprising ("I find it hard to believe the nearest star is six light years away"); 3) I doubt ("I find it hard to believe that an outsider could have pulled the robbery"). Since different respondents are likely to take the phrase in different senses, the meaning of an "agree" response is not evident in the single case, and an aggregate of such responses is probably hopelessly muddled.

A second objection to this question is that it involves a double negative. Given the length and complexity of the question, some respondents may be unable to extricate the meaning from the struc-

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ture. They may respond only to " . . . President Nixon did not know . . ." and answer "agree" even though they hold a contrary opinion.

Third, the question is gratuitously loaded with an immaterial phrase: ". . . with his closest associates involved in the Watergate affair . . ." Never mind the assertion of unproven allegations, or the ambiguous use of "closest." Even if the phrase were unequivocally true, it would still load the question, the respondent is being supplied with a reason for favoring one response over another. Consider the following examples:

1) The Devil's Canyon dam, which will add 16 million kilowatts to Valley electric power reserves, should be built.

2) The Devil's Canyon dam, which will destroy 12,000 acres of scenic and recreational land, should not be built.

In each case, the insertion of a simple fact immaterial to the possession of the opinion itself loads the question.

Finally, the question is defective in being compound: " . . . the planning *and* later coverup . . ." Respondents who believe one and not the other are given no chance to record their belief. Through inattention, they may be led to give an "agree" response, not realizing they are assenting to beliefs they do not hold.

ANOTHER Harris question, dating from 1972, runs as follows:

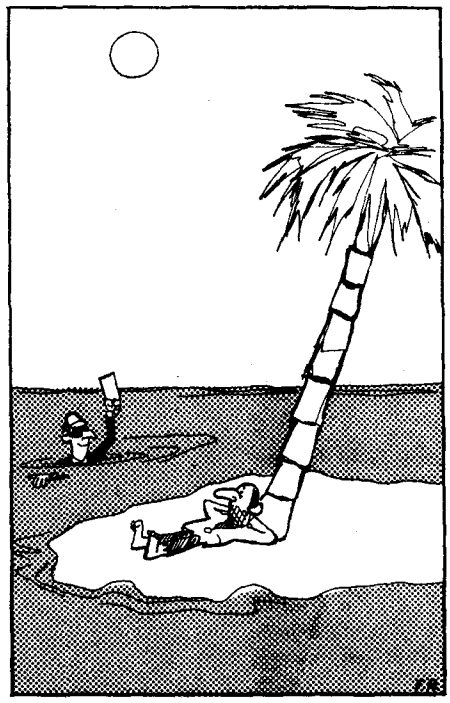
> *Considering the fact that the North Vietnamese now occupy much of the northern part of South Vietnam, would you favor or oppose:*
>
> *—A ceasefire in the fighting in which both sides kept their troops where they are now?*
>
> *—An agreement to end the war but to let North Vietnam keep the territory it now occupies?*
>
> (May 1972)

This question contains another extraneous "loader" ("Considering," etc.), and the last item is compounded, failing to allow for the respondent who favors "ending the war" but not "letting North Vietnam keep," etc. Moreover, the question is simply too long. The danger of misinterpretation increases exponentially with the number of words it contains. A short question will be rather unambiguous; but as one piles on more and more words, respondents are more likely to go separate ways, reacting to different sections of the question. Some respondents who did not necessarily favor the last item's proposal *in toto* probably indicated their agreement anyway, being most affected by the "end the war" component.

In the same report, Harris included the results of administering this question:

> *Suppose the only way we could get peace in Vietnam were to have President Thieu of South Vietnam resign from office. Would you favor or oppose such a move?* (May 1972)

This question serves no purpose except perhaps to determine whether the respondent is logical. We can safely assume that all respondents would prefer almost anything to endless, perpetual war in Vietnam forever and



ever; and so, since the question stipulates that Thieu's resignation is the *only* way to get peace, everyone is bound to agree. Only the illogical would disagree. The American people came off rather well: only 14 per cent were illogical. (A year earlier they came off less well, with an illogicality coefficient of 39 per cent. That time Mr. Harris stipulated that the "only way we could get peace in Vietnam" was to agree to a coalition government that included Communists.)

Items posing hypotheticals make poor public opinion questions. One is, in effect, sounding two opinions simultaneously: a person's belief about X, and his belief about X if certain conditions obtain. Since the responses are a muddle of both beliefs, no clear meaning can be attached to them.

FROM THIS brief examination of some defective questions we can formulate some general rules about satisfactory public opinion questions. A good polling question (or statement) should have the following properties:

1. It should not, ordinarily, exceed about 15 words. In most cases where other principles are violated, this one is too.

2. It should not contain "loaders," clauses or phrases immaterial to the opinion itself. Such clauses often begin with *since, as, now that, in view of the fact that, considering, because, so that, in order to*; also watch the use of *which, that*, and *with*. Since loaders are often appositives or independent clauses requiring commas, the following rule is helpful.

3. It should not contain any internal punctuation. (Exception: neutral icebreakers like "Generally speaking, do . . .?")

4. It should not contain compound subjects or objects; the words *and, or, but*, and *yet* should not appear.

5. It should not contain a hypothetical: no *if, assuming*, or *suppose*.

6. It should not contain a double negative.

Let us test against these rules a survey question purporting to measure "isolationism," published in the *American Political Science Review* in 1971:

> *In spite of all the claims to the contrary, America can defend herself, as she has always done, without the aid of so-called allies. (Agree or disagree.)*

The statement contains 25 words, three commas, and two immaterial loaders, one of which is patently false ("as she has always done"). We must conclude that answers to this question had little to do with isolationism. If they measured anything, it was probably a predisposition to agree with loaded, ambiguous statements containing errors of historical fact.

As citizens and observers of politics, then, we need not feel overwhelmed and helpless in confronting opinion poll results. A knowledge of the exact question asked and a thoughtful analysis of that question will often enable us to distinguish worthwhile results from tomfoolery. □

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ARCHIE AND EDNA

All in the Fallacy

DENNIS FAGAN

THE SCENE: *A TV household.* THE MAIN CHARACTERS: ARCHIE DE PAILLE, *an average, middle-aged Republican bigot;* EDNA, *his downtrodden but intuitive wife;* GOLDIE, *his daughter, and* MITCH, *his son-in-law, both of them young, idealistic, liberal, but nevertheless, from time to time, fallible in small matters. As the curtain rises,* MITCH *and* GOLDIE *are seated at the dining room table, studying;* ARCHIE *is sitting in his living room chair, drinking beer, picking his nose, staring at the* Daily News *open on his lap.*

MITCH: Here, look at this, honey. Don't you think it's very interesting what Kahlil Gibran has to say here? I think even Archie would find it interesting.

ARCHIE: Kahlil Gibran, hah? Who's he? Some drunken mick? (*Belches.*)

GOLDIE: Kahlil Gibran isn't Irish, Daddy. He's an Indian, isn't he, honey?

ARCHIE: A redskin, eh? Well, better a drunken mick than a drunken redskin I always say. Har-har!

MITCH: Archie, Goldie didn't mean an *American* Indian, and anyway . . .

ARCHIE: Oh, so America ain't good enough for this savage, hah? Some kind of subversive, is he? Well, I didn't vote for President Nixon to have people bringing no anti-American literature into *this* house. (*Goes over and burns* MITCH's *and* GOLDIE's *books.*)

(*There is a noise and a shout offstage. Presently the doorbell rings and is answered by* ARCHIE.)

MAN AT DOOR: Hello, my name is Abraham Feinstein. It seems I slipped on the icy pavement in front of your house. I think I may have thrown out my back.

ARCHIE: Listen, Jew . . .

FEINSTEIN: Excuse me, but I was calling on you at your very nice house here to present you with this cashier's check for $1 million from an anonymous donor, the only stipulation being that you don't exhibit any antisemitic behavior while answering the door. As things stand, though, I guess I'll just have to . . . (*tears up the check*). Good day, then. (*Tips his hat and leaves. Closeup of* ARCHIE's *face. Audience laughter and applause.*)

MITCH: Well, Archie, looks like you blew it again because of your bigoted attitude and lack of liberalism.

ARCHIE: Just shut up, hah? Edna!

EDNA (*scurrying in from kitchen*): Yes, Archie?

ARCHIE: Just shut your mouth and get me my Necco Wafers and my copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. And for God's sake, Edna, will you make sure you get all the purple ones out of the Necco Wafers before you give them to me, hah?

EDNA: Right away, Archie. (*Scurries off as doorbell rings again.*)

GOLDIE (*answering door*): Why, it's Aunt Mauve!

MITCH: Hi, Aunt Mauve.

MAUVE: Hello, Mitch and Goldie. Hello, Adolf Hitler. (*Audience laughter.*)

ARCHIE: Hey look, Mauve there, I don't think . . . .

MAUVE: So what else is new? (*Audience laughter.*)

ARCHIE: You ain't got no right coming into my house and mouthing off with your knee-jerk liberal mouth. (*Audience laughter.*)

MAUVE: Archie, you're a coward and an idiot. (*Much audience laughter and applause, dying down only when the doorbell rings.*)

MITCH (*answering door*): Yes? What is it?

BOY AT DOOR: Telegram for Mauve Roosevelt.

MAUVE: I'll take that. (*Reads telegram and suddenly breaks into tears.*)

GOLDIE and MITCH: What is it, Aunt Mauve?

MAUVE: It's my husband William. He was killed this afternoon in an alley.

ARCHIE: So, he was killed by some spic with a knife.

MAUVE: No, Archie. It was by . . . a member of the National Rifle Association—a *law-and-order* man. (*Profound audience silence as* MAUVE *leaves, accompanied and comforted by* MITCH *and* GOLDIE.)

EDNA (*returning*): Is Mauve here? (*Confused.*) I thought I heard her saying something had happened to William.

ARCHIE: Never mind that. What's important around here is that you go and see if I have enough Mr. Bubble for my bath tonight.

EDNA: Right away, Archie. (*Scurries off as doorbell rings and* ARCHIE *answers it.*)

MAN AT DOOR: Hello, I'm taking a poll . . . I wonder if you'd mind my asking you a few questions?

ARCHIE: Go ahead. It's about time you pinko opinion organizations got around to sampling some real Americans.

MAN: What do you think of the present marijuana laws?

ARCHIE: I think all these young punks who get caught with marijuana should get the electric chair. (*Audience laughter.*)

MAN: And anti-obscenity laws?

ARCHIE: I am in favor of anti-obscenity laws. (*Audience tittering.*)

MAN: What do you think of blacks?

ARCHIE: Well, your blacks—notice I didn't call them Negroes—have what you call your basic natural rhythm and do well in your short-distance races, and they ain't really all that lazy if you get a stick to them. (*Audience laughter.*)

MAN: Could you give me your opinions on Abraham and the Bible?

ARCHIE: Well, I believe that Abraham Lincoln was a Communist and that the Bible is the Word of God. (*Much audience laughter.*)

MAN: What do you think is the shape of the world, and what do you think about legalized abortion?

ARCHIE: I think the world is flat, and I am against legalized abortion. (*Peals of audience laughter.*)

MAN: Well, thank you very much then, Mr. de Paille. And if I may say . . .

ARCHIE: Yeah?

MAN: I think you're a very ignorant man. (*Thunderous audience laughter, applause, and shouts of encouragement, and a closeup of* ARCHIE *as the curtain falls.*)

(*Next week: Archie accuses television of a liberal bias and gets caught stealing from a church poor box.*) □

Mr. Fagan is a conservative at large.

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GERHART NIEMEYER

States without Citizens

SOME TIME AGO (*NR*, October 12, 1973) this column considered the worldwide phenomenon of "rulers without power," governments lacking that civic support which would enable them to tackle great tasks. Obviously there is an underlying cause for this which one might call "states without citizens." If one asks what a citizen is, one is pushed further toward the concept of the common good: citizens are aware of, and concerned about, the common good. Evidence abounds that in modern society the idea of the common good has diminished nearly to the vanishing point. Yet, the common good used to be the criterion by which one could discern the line separating government from tyranny; it used to be the mark of distinction that a man of quality perceived the common good while the yokel could not.

Today one is tempted to say the very opposite. In Hortonville, Wis. (pop. 1,524) aroused farmers rallied in defense of what they felt to be the proper character of public education in their town, while in our cities men of quality seek a secluded private life as the chief benefit to be obtained in society. This attitude has not appeared all of a sudden; it has been long in preparation. Bentham defined the common good as the sum total of private goods and merely wanted to satisfy the greatest possible number of them. More recently the idea of pluralism has denied even the desirability of a common good and postulated instead a variety of diverse goods. Then there is the typically modern "autonomous man" who looks on himself as a complete world and rejects any limitations on his will and fancy that might attach to a common good. Finally, the sulking "alienated" man drops out of society and encloses himself in a private microworld from which, at times, he may sally forth on a microwar of terrorism. No common good for him, either.

Martin Diamond has pointed out that the design of American government was predicated on "an unlovely emphasis on self-interest," against which background alone our system of representation cum checks and balances was expected to work. All the same, there is plentiful evidence of a strong sense of common good pervading American politics, at least until that day in 1933 when the state took on itself the burden of providing private welfare aspirations with public guarantees. Then, against the ensuing relentless encroachment of public regulations, men and women of common sense began to draw out of the same well of American premises the ideal of "being left alone."

We have come to the point where privacy is seen as possibly the greatest good to be sought in modern society. There is a noble side to this, closely related to the sanctity of the human person. There is also a sordid side, as when people watch with indifference when a girl is stabbed to death in their street, when Nazis or Communists assassinate millions of their political opponents, when advocates of subversion are elevated to public offices, when the young are indoctrinated in moral relativism. A mass of nothing-but-private men becomes a "silent majority," silent not because of moderation or peacefulness but because any clear idea of a public good has long ceased to have importance for them.

THE GREEK word for private man is *idios*, the meaning still alive in our "idiosyncrasy." As citizens shrink into *idiotes*, something similar takes effect among public servants: they, too, begin to look on their official activities as matters of mainly personal interest in which they want "to be left alone." One need not project this trend to an extreme, but it is still instructive to read Colin M. Turnbull's study of the Ik people in Uganda, a tribe that in the course of three generations has sunk to the low point where individual survival is the sole motive in their lives, so that all traces of love, solidarity, good will, and loyalty have vanished, together with the forms of society; also Aldous Huxley's *Ape and Essence*, a fantasy about a post-nuclear-catastrophe Southern California where people live in perpetual though intermittent internecine violence.

Aristotle spoke of the common good not so much as a set of material advantages—although these, too, belong to society's benefits—but mainly as "goods of the soul," among which he gave top rank to justice, a public yardstick of rightness kept alive by the habits of citizens as well as by institutions, from which then sprouts the other great flower of society, public friendship among fellow citizens. That view received a vicious blow from Locke who saw "property," i.e., passionate self-interest, as "the great and chief end" for which men enter civil society. Since the pattern of the acquisitive society has played a decisive role in modern concepts of the state, from Madison to Hegel, one wonders whether Aristotle's noble idea can be recaptured.

If modern man persists in looking on himself as basically nothing more than a private person to whom citizenship appears as a vexatious burden, if among the goods of life he can no longer perceive a common good, he is bound to remain politically passive. The road is then free for those who group together not for a common good but rather a common cause, under the auspices of some private fancy about history, economics, race, or class. The mass of apathetic seekers of private goods cannot tell whether or not such common causes stand for sound political concepts. Since in a pluralistic society all ideas are conceded equal rank, the perpetrators of "logical murder" (Camus) are granted the title of "idealists" with whom one seeks to talk in order better to understand them. Where citizens and their government are no longer linked by the bond of common good, ideological impostors can find power lying idle in the streets, waiting to be picked up by those who can dress themselves in the livery of what may appear as a political message. The general political *misère*, however, taints even the would-be saviors. Ideologists can achieve no conception of the state, the common good, the citizen, and the public servant, since their speculations remain unpolitical and are thus destined always to remain private fancies. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

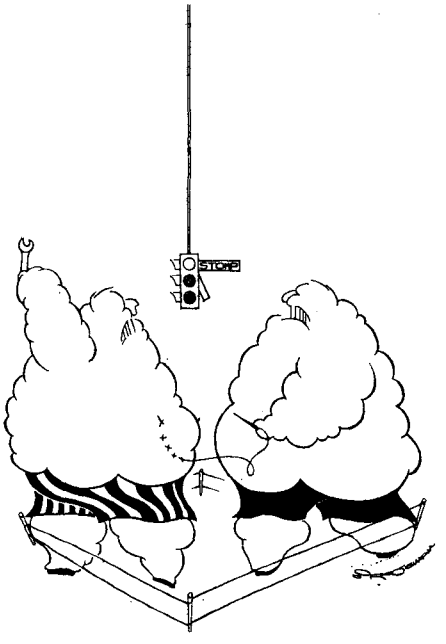
Heavyweight Fraud

Chaaa—unch! The mat is wired for noise. It sounds like your desk stapler amplified 200 times. Another chaaa—unch. The 300-pound Russian has to be paraplegic after that one: bodyslammed from a height of six feet onto his lower spine. First time I've seen them, the honest wrestlers, and I'm appalled, worried. I'd rather have student discount tickets to a vasectomy.

The Russian has survived. He slugs the Hawaiian in one ear: again, again, maybe 15 times. Armlength, tailored blows, phony as those step-on-his-toe-see-him-dance paper dolls they sell outside on Eighth Avenue. In real foot-pounds the impact would splinter fist and head alike. Dean Ho goes down, groggy. Volkoff stomps on his ear with the left heel, as, simultaneously, his right heel bangs out a stapler sound effect: chaa—unch, chaa—unch. But Ho recovers. With that kind of miracle they could charter a new Lourdes. Ho slingshots his body off the ropes: spectacular collision mat-center. Volkoff flying-mares over Ho, hooks Ho by the elbow, cartwheels him in turn through his legs. They land on their heads. Beautiful in a way; anything so well choreographed deserves respect. What it is—it's an Apache dance for jocks.

They don't worry me. The crowd worries me; the crowd makes me sick. "Jesus, Jesus—please don't let him get hurt. Please." Mother reels off a sign of the cross, whacking each breast cock-eyed. Twelve-year-old daughter has both hands tight between her legs: intrigued by a prepubic sexual twinge. Dad stands, blocking me out. He shouts. He gives the finger to anyone in eye-shot. Unlike boxing, wrestling is family entertainment. I can't comprehend it. Only syphilitic morons could be fooled by this hoax. Ten thousand syphilitics plus their poxy wives and children at Madison Square Garden tonight. They should take the franchise from anyone who buys a ticket. *Panem et circenses*, my sore foot. At least when Nero force-fed Christians to his menagerie something happened. People got eaten. This is vicious, no-risk passion.

Each match is structured: dirty pool, crisis, hero's revenge. Good guys blow one now and then, but only on a foul. Mr. Fuji has stowed some blunt object in his trunks. He'll shove it up handsome Pedro Morales' nose whenever an opportunity arises. The referee can't locate it. The crowd rears upright, indignant. I took my four-year-old to a puppet show, it was the same thing. When evil Mr. Moo tiptoed up on the Whistling Wizard—gosh, kids, where is he?—they shouted, "There! There!" And the Garden management provides shills. An old crone of 80 who climbs up on the mat lip, curses, kicks Mr. Fuji in a kidney when he gets thrown out ringside. Fifty Pinkertons around her, not one makes a move at Grandma.



It's a nasty ethnic game. Heroes are Polynesian, American Indian, Puerto Rican, Italian. In New York, especially the last two. Villains come from a post-World War II hate list: German, Japanese, Russian, or nationless freaks like the ski-masked Destroyer. To their credit blacks don't participate much inside or outside the ring. Anyhow, there are some ethnic situations you just can't fool around with.

The punches are hokey, burlesqued. The reactions are not. Pro wrestlers mime pain with the instinct of a female bird distracting predators from her nest. Mike Conrad will propel saliva wads eight feet straight up to depict the force of a left hook. Butted in the neck, Killer Kowalski imitates nerve destruction with a clinician's touch. Legs go spastic; muscles fibrillate. He flipflops like a landed fish. And the crowd screams. It gloats. It accepts this clever simulation as weekend sadists will accept the writhing and whimpering of prostitutes flogged with a paper whip. These are sexual conventions, nothing else. The referee stands for inept legal justice, cops on a beat. He can't confiscate Mr. Fuji's nose gouge, so Pedro Morales is justified in taking savage vigilante measures. When slugging Mr. Fuji, he slows considerately to catch the crowd's heartless cadence, "Ah! Ah! Ah!" And should he burst a blood capsule stitched into Mr. Fuji's hair, the Aaaah will lengthen, throaty and wild. It is disgusting, stupid; the cheap lust of cretins.

I'VE JUST read *Rip Off the Big Game* by Paul Hoch, a gung-ho Marxist. It's lots of laughs. Hoch fumes: workers, having cold-turkeyed the religion opiate, got rehooked on the sports opiate. Great fun to see the inevitable, invincible Marxist dialectic short-circuited by a football. "From the point of view of the ruling class, the sort of passive attitudes industrial workers learn in watching a baseball game serve as a useful socializer for the deadened passivity necessary to function in a capitalist society." Hoch is right in a sense: we live vicariously through sport; bored people are desperate. Hoch prefers desperation. I don't. Tough darts, though, there's not a thing he can do about it. Hard to consummate the big revolution during a half time show.

Hoch can't stand competition: rather, striving should be deflected from the Green Bay Packers to ITT. He has

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created the perfect intramural game: co-ed, scoreless, universal participation required. As far as I can tell, men and women in a circle, tossing the ball up, not marking where it comes down. Three weeks of that and we'd all start camping out on the barricades. It will be some time before the aggression debate is resolved: whether our molars were shaped for meat or for the unantagonistic grasses. Whatever its evolutionary credentials, competition defines man. Even class war is war; try setting up a dialectic without opposites. Indeed Hoch seats competition in the Oedipal struggle; this insight causes him to make nervous, snide remarks about the nuclear family. Tragedies without confrontation; men undistinguished either by greatness or failure; a thousand-thousand tie games, like kissing your sister, if sisters are still permitted. It's heinous, thank God, unthinkable. Though thought.

But pro wrestling can't be defended. It is a gross and dangerous caricature of competition. Ethnic propaganda; titillation for the poltroon sadists. A sleazy manipulation of the spirit. As far as pro wrestling is concerned, I line up with the Marxists. □

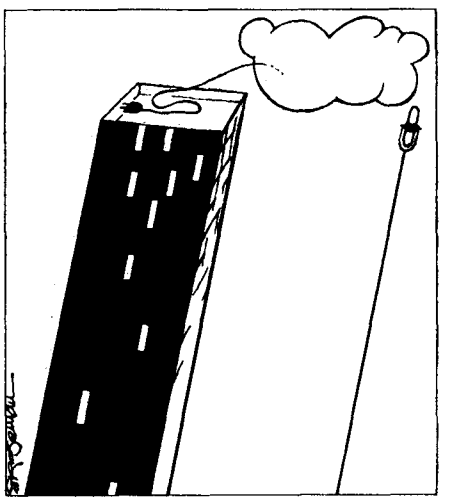
ROCK

DAVID BRUDNOY

Faith Triumphant

Embodied Faith, which originated in 1965 as Danny Candle and the Wickdippers, triumphs with its newest release, *Om—at Boston Garden*, recorded live two months ago (Mayor Kevin White quieted the restive throng when the group arrived nine hours late) and now released in the Satori label's Swami series. The transformation of the Wickdippers—Archie Hadley, formerly a political prisoner (cannabis commerce) at Attica; Raj Washington III, a product of the black ghetto in Bismarck, North Dakota; Montgomery Trow Jr., of *the* Trows (who renounced his inheritance to pursue an independent course of emotional maturation); and Candle himself, out of Appalachia—figured prominently in the nine-part feature I did last year on spiritual rock for *ModRockMag*. Yet nothing in the Embodied Faith output (the new name was bestowed by Divine Master Herbert Baka Desuné in 1972) prepares us for this mind blowing record.

Consider first the lead song, "Pouring Out My Sorrow," written by Candle and Washington in free-verse style. The instruments, reduced to mandolin (Trow) and glass progression (Washington's forte: 47 glasses filled to varying degrees with Ganges water), provide a clean and fluid sound. But the



lyrics! An excerpt, this from the ninth stanza: "I pare my toenails for you, baby/ I cast off my shackles for you, love/ I wouldn't say I'm happy, no/ Yet who is to say nay?" Note the absolutely unpredictable, hence brilliant, use of mixed meter. Note also the three-comma/one-no-comma parsing. And don't fail to ponder how the I-I-I-yet progression exactly reproduces the initial wording in the 14th verse of the Tibetan Lama Dai-Oong's letter to his secretary (April 12, 1947). Thus the very internal puzzle comes shiningly clear within a simple structural analysis of form. Who is to say that Shakespeare's sonnets did it better?

We remember with distaste the outmoded sha-na-na oobidoobidoo banality of early Wickdipper. But now—now the deep involvement in the spiritual commune movement has led to a true evocation of the eternal lessons of personkind. As the lead singer (actually, lead chanter, since the verse is recited in Zennish monotone, to capture the abiding flavor of the koan technique) explains what he will do for his love, we wait anxiously for the resolution; it comes—*not happiness but so what!* And who is the lead singer's love, his baby?

The solution to that puzzle comes only in the sixth cut on the first side, "Resplendent Pride," written, incidentally, by a computer programed during a Nichiren Shoshu session in Candle's leased pad in Chelsea. "Pride goeth before a fall," Candle intones; where else in literature has it been expressed so cogently, so concisely? At the critical juncture in this song—accompanied by Hadley on drum and Washington and Trow on amplified guitar and electric piccolo—Candle explains: "Love is." It knocked me out, absolutely floored me. Several moments later, I could bear to listen again to that cut, and once more, then once more again, I heard it: "Love is." So the leap is accomplished; the "love" and "baby" of the first cut have been identified as the eternal state of being. "Resplendent Pride" solves the mystery not only of the first cut's unanswered query, but also of the first side's basso ostinato of puzzlement. It formalizes while simultaneously liberating the once stereotypical yearnings of young men in rootless, fascistic Amerika. Can one make it any clearer than that? All right, one stab at it: existence *is*, being *is*; *love is*. There.

SIDE TWO is, if anything, an even greater expression of Embodied Faith's sophistication. Here we have nine cuts, each a paean to some downtrodden minority. In his January *Rolling Spud* interview, Candle explained his refusal to contribute actual funds to these various liberation groups: "I am hip, man, and into the, like, self-development trip; I've shucked my liberal guilt hangups, dig?" To "contribute" a portion of his earnings to groups he champions would be patronization.

Who are these societal victims? A mere listing of some of the song titles says it better than I ever could. "Woman, You're Swell"; "Black Man, Shuffle No Mo' "; "Oglala Sioux Grandmother, Skin a Buffalo for Me, Babe"; "Gay Sister, Confront the IRS for Joint-Filing Status with Your Friend"; and on. Certainly the most poignant cut concerns the vicious persecution of those under 5'4" in a heightist society: "You're little but you're big/ Your heart is no smaller than mine is/ Get tough with them oversized m----------, dig!/ For their welfare dole is no larger than thine is!" The last lines of this cut, "A Sizeist Society Wounds Its Young, Not to Mention Its Old," go as follows:

William Gribbin *is the author of* The Churches Militant: The War of 1812 and American Religion.

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"Throw away yo' platform shoes/ Cast off them little man blues/ Listen, honey, to the gospel news/ They'll elect a midget your alderman on November's first post-Monday Tues."

By the way, the record's final cut, "Lowell and Fritz," is *not*, as some jealous rock groups charge, a covert political plug for Senators Weicker and Mondale. Candle et al. have already announced their support for Sissy Farenthold for President in 19 and 76, and are not copping out with a backup endorsement of other possible candidates. Politics, in any case, has nothing to do with this gonzo record, which transcends mundane concerns and speaks, as rock henceforth *must* speak, to universal themes alone. □

AUGURIES

WILLIAM GRIBBIN

The EPA Dragon

People start pollution; people can stop it. And to make sure that people *know* they can stop it, the Environmental Protection Agency has been making that point through myriad radio and television spots, magazine ads, posters, and pamphlets, most of them banal, others ingenious and even moving.

To those who fear governmental indoctrination, the EPA's ads, however clever, are deplorable. It is a tribute to the intellectual independence and rugged individualism of young Americans that, though their school halls and dormitories are adorned with antipollution posters, there is no evidence of the slightest alteration in their environmental conduct. Because school property and other areas frequented by the young have not lately been observably cleaner, we may assume that the rising American yeomanry is still inner-directed and resistant to mind control.

EPA's problem may be that it has aimed its propaganda too high, trying to reverse undesirable behavior patterns rather than preventing their initial development. If a regulatory agency cannot teach old citizens new tricks, then it must focus on younger folk to assure that they grow, if not in wisdom and grace, at least in social consciousness. There is reason to think the EPA, or at least its division of federal solid-waste management programs, has come to that conclusion. For it has recently published "an environmental coloring book for children and adults," entitled *There Lived a Wicked Dragon* (SW-105).

Lyrically written, the book refuses to talk down to children, and its basic idea is witty and effective. A sleepy dragon, dozing in his cave, grows "a little—ever so little—each year" by feeding on pollutants, everything from paper plates to auto fumes to pesticides. Gaining strength and size, it stirs, and staggers to the river, which instantly becomes stagnant. As the people run from their houses to investigate, the monster lumbers toward their village. The denouement is predictably happy. The inhabitants collect all their trash and garbage, litter and poisons, haul them off to a new supermachine in the countryside, and there recycle them into usable materials. Old tires are dumped into the ocean to form reef habitats; burning trash produces steam heat; crushed bottles become house shingles; landfills are renovated into playgrounds where "the children run barefoot through the grass."

The story is bucolic but, in language appropriate to the fairy tale, as fouled as the dragon's swamp. For it teaches explicitly that pollution is the work of grownups, who inflict terrible tragedy upon children through greed, laziness, and ignorance. In short, problems are caused by guilty adults, while solutions come from innocent kids.

That may seem a crude oversimplification, but it does not exaggerate the coloring book's blatant excoriation of adulthood. On every page there is a heavy-handed counterpoint. While the grownups rat-raced home and littered the park, "the children gathered tiny violets in the woods." While "the grownups kept on working and playing, stuffing black rubber tires into factory furnaces and throwing their beer cans and soda bottles into the river," "the children wove prickly baskets out of cockleburs" and "nibbled the timothy stems that tasted sweetly of milk." And so on.

Communal salvation is possible, of course, only when the grownups reform, as they eventually do, thereby enabling the coloring book to conclude with a vision of humanity reconciled—parents and children equally imbued with the profound wisdom of infancy. It is as if the adults themselves had been recycled. They even talk like their children and, we may presume, ever after will "smell the smell of the watercress!"

Granted that this is insipid; it is also dangerous. It is a latter-day perpetuation of the last decade's delusion that youth possessed answers, values, ideals, sensitivity, appreciation—in short, everything lacking in mature humans. The youth cult that served as a campaign gimmick in 1960 to justify inexperience had, three Presidencies later, been exposed as a fraud. For even its most doctrinaire devotees abandoned their faith when Richard Nixon secured a majority of young voters in 1972.

More to the point, the youth of the 1960s is now the young adulthood of the 1970s: indebted, mortgaged, concerned about street crime and classroom depravity, pinched for fuel and dunned for taxes. A generation of puerile demigods has inevitably grown into fallen angels. It has always been thus, and the process has never been painless. To resurrect now the juvenile myth, especially through gross defamation of adulthood, is inexcusable.

The book's final paragraph reports that "none of the grownups have seen hide nor scale of the hungry dragon in the kingdom not so far away from here. Only the children know where he lives," as they clamber over a grinning, petrified dragon couchant in their woody playground. They should know indeed; for the piggish unconcern of oilspillers and litterers, of wilderness despoilers and urban defacers, is the spirit of childhood. Dirty adults are those who have never grown up, never accepted or been forced to assume their responsibilities to neighbors and community. Certainly the children know the dragon's lair: for the monster abides in their hearts, thrives on their undisciplined appetites, and fattens on their indulged sense of importance. The EPA's coloring book, far from exposing the beast, is yet another tempting of its enormous hunger.

Recent social critics have insisted that guilt lies not in persons but in institutionalized systems. Perhaps, then, we may borrow their wisdom to observe that chastisement for the inanity of *There Lived a Wicked Dragon*, as well as assurance that its propaganda will not be repeated, must involve not an individual author or division head but a whole institution, what might be called a political ecosystem. And that is the most formidable kind of dragon in need of slaying. □

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BOOKS

Death of Art by Suicide

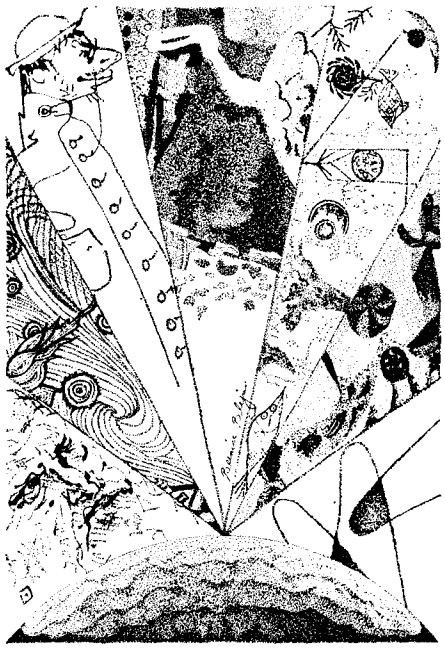
The Use and Abuse of Art
By Jacques Barzun
Princeton, 150 pp., $6.95

RUTH BERENSON

This book, a compilation of the A. W. Mellon lectures delivered by Jacques Barzun at the National Gallery in Washington in 1973, presents an analysis of the arts today which is at once brilliant and frightening in its implications; for its thesis is that art, as it has developed over the past 500 years, is dead. The thought, of course, is not new; every time a new artistic style has replaced an earlier one, someone with his roots in the past has announced that this latest phenomenon presages the demise of all art. But Professor Barzun's closely reasoned argument is broader and more persuasive than most—and his diagnosis even more pessimistic.

PROBABLY no one in America is better qualified to treat this all-embracing subject. Professor Barzun, for many years Dean of the Graduate School of Columbia, is officially an historian, but so wide is his scope, so varied are his areas of competence (he has published in fields as disparate as education, music, science, and Symbolist poetry, among others), that he is better described as a representative of that rare breed, the polymath. To all this he adds a command of English and a mordant wit that make him a pleasure to read, even when, as here, his conclusions are anything but rosy.

"Art," he says, "is power. It influences the mind, the nerves, the feelings, the soul. It carries messages of hope, hostility, derision, and moral rebuke. It can fight material and spiritual evils and transmit the ideals of a community. . . . Art . . . helps men to live and to remember." For these reasons, its present triviality—exemplified by the evolution (or devolution) of sculpture from Michelangelo's *David* to Oldenburg's *Giant Ice Bag*, and in music from Palestrina to pianos being hit with a wooden mallet—is not merely symptomatic of that decline of Western civilization prophesied by Spengler and the rest but an active agent of its destruction. It was the Romantic period which first exalted the artist into the role of genius, seer, and prophet. Since then, art has gradually usurped the function previously performed by religion; as traditional beliefs waned, God, as Barzun puts it, was "withdrawn from eternity and rediscovered in the human breast," and immortality came to reside in the work of art rather than the kingdom of heaven. During most of the nineteenth century artists hoped to point the way to salvation, "to moralize the world," but at the end of the period, disillusionment set in. The *fin de siècle* was a period of disenchantment with all that had gone before, and in the years from 1890 to 1914, when all of today's attitudes and ideas were first formulated, art gave the world up for lost, becoming, in Barzun's words, "the enemy within, bent on destroying the house." Previously accepted values were turned upside down, and Bernard Shaw's chocolate soldier shouted, "Two things I hate—my duty and my mother." Today such statements are axiomatic clichés.



BARZUN HAS little patience with cant, especially that employed by artists in catalogue forewords allegedly explaining their ideas and methods. For contemporary art criticism he has no use at all, decrying its pretentious borrowings from Freud, from Marx, and above all from theoretical physics, which result in commentaries so inaccurately abstruse that a new class of analysts is arising to attempt to interpret what the interpreters have said. Certain critical adjectives and phrases, too, infuriate him: "interesting," for instance, a comment which generally means the speaker "has decided to remember the artist's name"; "experimental," a favorite phrase of those who don't recall the dictum of the composer, Edgard Varèse: "When I produce a work my experiments are over"; and condescending references to the artist's "solving a problem." "There are no problems in art and no solutions," Barzun says flatly.

He is especially bitter about the elitist attitude of artists and critics to the public, "which is made to feel that as it is now it has no right to exist," and which, for all its "materialism," its "bourgeois complacency," is expected

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Mask of State* is a collection of Watergate portraits by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, $7.95). . . . The London *Times* Insight Team reviews *The Yom Kippur War* (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . Philip Roth threatens to out-Portnoy us with *My Life as a Man* (Holt, $8.95). . . . *Khrushchev Remembers* is the last volume of his "memoirs" (Little, Brown, $12.50). . . . John Le Carré back at the old stand with *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* (Knopf, $7.95). . . . *Fat Can Be Beautiful*, so Dr. Abraham I. Friedman figures you might as well relax and enjoy it (Putnam, $6.95). . . . Charlotte (Mrs. Harrison) Salisbury issues her *Russian Diary* (Walker, $7.95).

Major new work by philosopher Paul Weiss: *Beyond All Appearances* (Illinois, $15). . . . Alan Barth calls our Supreme Court dissenters *Prophets without Honor* (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Kate Millett's latest assault on civilization, *Flying*, explains how she juggles lesbianism and pseudomarriage, inveighs against Catholicism for giving her occasional twinges of guilt (Knopf, $8.95). . . . Norberto Valentini and Clara Di Meglio sneaked into Italian confessionals, posed as penitents, taperecorded what went on, compounded their sacrilege into *Sex and the Confessional*, and became two of the very few to be excommunicated in today's Catholic Church (Stein & Day, $6.95). . . . *A History of Judaism* by Daniel J. Silver and Bernard Martin from Basic (2 vol., boxed, $30).

■ NOW YOU HAS JAZZ: *Glenn Miller and His Orchestra* is a look behind the bandstand by George (*Big Bands*) Simon, who helped Miller organize his first band (T. Y. Crowell, out, $10). . . . It took Roger D. Kinkle four fat volumes to amass his *Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz 1900-1950* (Arlington, Sept., $75). The same publisher unveils a life of Gatsby-era cornet star Bix Beiderbecke by Richard M. Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans; *Bix: Man & Legend* (July, $12.95). . . . Two score musicians, mostly black, interviewed on *The World of Swing* by Stanley Dance (Scribner's, July, $12.50).

■ FILMS: Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express* is filming with a supercast: Albert Finney, Lauren Bacall, Martin Balsam, Ingrid Basset, Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Sean Connery, John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, Anthony Perkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, Richard Widmark, and Michael York; the whole directed by Sidney Lumet. . . . Barbra Streisand is sequeling. The new one is *Funny Lady*. . . . Up for rerun: the four Marxes and Lillian Roth in 1929 *Animal Crackers*, and ten Harold Lloyd classics. . . . Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau star in the third film version of the Hecht-MacArthur classic, *The Front Page*.

to pay high admissions to go and be insulted. However, he finds public gullibility equally at fault; the shock treatments meted out to the audiences "have become a habit, like churchgoing," and they keep on footing the bill.

BY NOW, according to Barzun, it's clear that art, not content with destroying its audiences by castigating and mystifying them so that they no longer know how they are meant to respond, is destroying itself. Its function is no longer what Nietzsche called "the enhancement of life." Unlike earlier epochs, it has no single distinctive style, no orientation. It has lost its immediacy; the beholder does not respond to it because there is no context. "We have nearly reached . . . the point of total elimination," says Barzun, "the last mighty effort in which every act and all its opposites converge to bring about the leveling of the ground, the wiping clean of the cultural slate. If I am right, what we are witnessing in all the arts, and in all that the arts refer to, is the liquidation of . . . civilization."

Barzun believes that artistic forms as they have evolved since the Renaissance are wearing out. "Nothing more can be squeezed out of the intentions or techniques. After their full positive exploitation, the subtle art of allusion, parody, and inversion also gives out. There is nothing to do but declare bankruptcy. That is the meaning of anti-art."

Having described so graphically the death, or rather suicide, of art, Professor Barzun is at a loss to end on the conventional up-beat note. Perhaps, he says, the new art will be a communal one, like that of the Middle Ages, with the figurative arts possibly finding their place in a new kind of monumental architecture. For the novel, lyric poetry, music, dance, drama, his crystal ball is clouded. It is hard not to see the logic of his arguments—but one must hope that, like all art's nay-sayers through the centuries, he is wrong. □

Down Mailer's Way
By Robert Solotaroff
University of Illinois, 289 pp., $10

STUDYING THE SLOPPY WOODSMAN

CHARLES NICOL

I would not have thought such a good book could be written about Norman Mailer. His faults are so glaring: an incredibly wordy style full of empty wind; a small set of tawdry metaphors elaborated to ridiculous length; a crass, buck-grabbing exploitation of sensational issues; an ugly undercurrent of continual self-praise; a revolting ego so ravenous he is no longer able to imagine the thoughts of others and hence remains unable to write a satisfactory novel; a tiresome, oversimplified division of the world into good and evil; a complete and utter lack of a sense of humor. In the face of all this, I could only imagine a short comic tirade against Mailer on the order of Mark Twain's attack on poor old James Fenimore Cooper. What else could be done? Robert Solotaroff has observed most of these faults, complained of them—sometimes passionately—and yet produced a study that finds a number of virtues in Mailer as well. He has gone through all the hash and found a few steaks.

Of course the Norman Mailer we all know and dislike is simply not the same man who wrote *The Naked and the Dead* when he was 25. Its young, likable author was a modest Harvard graduate and war veteran who didn't even want *Life* to take his picture because his novel was supposed to stand by itself (perhaps a typical attitude for a young literary man of the time, but still praiseworthy). The text's the thing—and the text, even if it seemed a pastiche of Dos Passos, Farrell, Hemingway, and even Fitzgerald, was often brilliant. Its faults were the faults of a very young author, an author who showed unlimited promise. Now Mailer has outlived that promise. He is more than twice as old, a noisy hack writer who occasionally hits a good streak. How did he lose so much?

First success went to his head; then failure. His second novel, *Barbary Shore* (1951), never really finds an appropri-

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ate way to handle its subject; a crude allegory with little logic and no characterization, it is probably the worst novel ever written by an up-and-coming young writer. Solotaroff has his own choice words: "The strained and often bizarrely inverted narrative, the stilted conversations, and the improbable characterizations encourage no willingness on the part of the reader to accept the characters on their own terms, and we certainly cannot accept an allegorical level . . . if we are constantly jolted by the unreality of the literal level." And again, in blunter terms, "one has to struggle to get through the last 40 pages."

MAILER must have eventually realized how bad *Barbary Shore* really was—or why would he have basically rewritten it as *The Deer Park* (1955)? (My own point, not Solotaroff's.) Still, the incredibly clumsy *Barbary Shore* was written to argue a view, while *The Deer Park* seems written primarily for the continuing market in melodramatic Hollywood novels; if its supporting cast holds up better than most, its hero has the hopelessly adolescent reek of third-rate fiction. Solotaroff doesn't like it either.

Mailer had not been able to handle success; now he couldn't handle failure. He had already turned to the drugs, savagery, and overwhelming megalomania that made all his writing of the late Fifties so vulgar, so blatantly obvious, so dull—culminating in *Advertisements for Myself* (1959). Afterward he began to improve, and there was a four-year period between 1964 and 1968 when it looked as if Mailer would amount to something after all. During those four years he published his best work, *The Armies of the Night* (essentially a personal memoir of the march on the Pentagon), as well as some noteworthy shorter articles and two idiosyncratic novels, *An American Dream* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?* Solotaroff prefers the second of the novels, apparently because its style apes that of William Burroughs in *Naked Lunch*, a dubious book that both Solotaroff and Mailer admire immoderately (Solotaroff also points out that *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is in part an attack on that already dated fetish, Marshall McLuhan). I find Mailer's novel derivative in style, unconvincing in tone and locale, and especially unappetizing because it intends to be comic and Mailer's sense of the comic is, in every sense of the word, crude. On the other hand, Solotaroff's analysis of *An American Dream* makes the novel seem worth reading again. Apparently the plot is in part a sort of demonstration of primitive magic where "the more one does, the more one is able to do":

> Rojack was able to stand off Tony because he had been able to kill Deborah, which enabled him to steal Ruta's "gifts," which enabled him to stand off the police, which enabled him to hold his own with the ex-prizefighter who was baiting him at the nightclub. "Putting down" Tony helped him to perform well with Cherry, which enabled him to beat up Shago Martin, the black with the knife. The powers gained from Shago were then used in the climactic struggle against Kelly.

The analysis of how this magic is drawn from God and the Devil is also curiously interesting. But Solotaroff finds the style of that novel abominable in places, and rises to heights of indig-

nation in protesting, "should this girl with the golden eyes wave a syntactic wart at us as she says, 'But I'm a lousy singer, I fear'? Should her song be described as 'some rich sausage her voice was ready to stuff'?" Well, I must agree; surely the greatest of all unimportant mysteries on earth is why some people praise Norman Mailer's style; Mailer is an extremely sloppy woodsman flailing away at the tree of art with a dull axiom.

Down Mailer's Way is sturdy and sound, restricting its praise to those places where Mailer really does accomplish something, and demonstrating a continuity of thought between Mailer's earliest and most recent writing. Solotaroff notes the recent degeneration of the nonfiction, and hopes Mailer will someday soon get around to writing a great novel. Nobody can blame him for hoping. □

FICTION

The Wonder-Worker
By Dan Jacobson
Little, Brown, 192 pp., $5.95

THE ACT OF TRANSFORMATION

RONALD DE FEO

One must admire a writer like Dan Jacobson who suddenly decides in mid-career to move in a new direction and to set new creative problems for himself. One must admire him even more when his efforts result in successful, striking work. After producing for years extremely well written and penetrating "traditional" stories and novels dealing with his native South Africa (*A Dance in the Sun*, *Evidence of Love*, *The Beginners*), Jacobson wrote *The Rape of Tamar* (1970) which retold, in a subtle, elliptical manner, the story of the attack upon King David's daughter, Tamar, by her brother Amnon. Narrated by David's scheming nephew Yonadab, the novel transcended mere historical fiction, concentrating not on period detail and exploration, but rather on moral issues raised by the events described and on the tricky problem of narrative credibility—how much of Yonadab's account could we accept at face value, how much of the truth had he altered to suit himself? As with Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, we attempted to extract the truth from the narrator's colored version of it.

IN *The Wonder-Worker*, Jacobson's fascinating new novel, the reader must again work to separate fact from fiction, though here his task is much more difficult, and he can only hope to achieve partial success at best. The unidentified narrator, confined to an exclusive sanatorium in Switzerland, tells the story of Timothy Fogel, a lonely, highly sensitive boy who lives in a strangely grim, menacing world. Even before his entrance into that world, Timothy seemed destined to experience a dark and frightening future —at the moment of his conception his mother "yelled out so loudly she was heard in distant rooms"; on the day of his birth a fire broke out in his home. As Timothy grows older, enduring disappointment and disillusionment, he

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discovers that he possesses the comforting gift of transfiguration—he can transform himself into anything he chooses, lose himself in a world of objects and substances. Later, when his powers fade, he becomes intrigued with gems, seeing in them perfection and order, elements absent from his life. He soon reveals himself to be a desperate, dangerously distant dreamer.

We eventually come to link the nameless narrator with Timothy, but how much of the narrator's actual life is reflected in the story of Timothy Fogel is difficult to say. Was the narrator, like Timothy, finally driven to an act of violence? Did he share Timothy's odd gift? We can't really know for sure because the narrator has obviously altered his own life experiences and molded them into fiction. The most we can claim for his narrative is that it probably reveals personal psychological attitudes and truths. We can only speculate on whether the events he describes actually occurred. The narrator's real life remains vague, as does that of a novelist, a wonder-worker, who has transformed his life into art. Jacobson's book, then, can be read on two levels—as an account of a mental patient trying to come to terms with his troubled life by placing it at a safe distance, in the form of a fictionalized memoir, and as an account of the creative process through which fiction is produced.

The one problem with Jacobson's novel is that the shadowy Timothy, though a haunting figure, is almost as much a mystery at the end of the book as he was at the beginning, and we are left with two abstractions, the creator and his creation. Still, *The Wonder-Worker* is a superbly written novel by an author of exceptional talent and taste. Unlike the host of other writers who flood the market each year with self-indulgent accounts of breakdown and madness, Dan Jacobson has aimed higher and has produced a thoughtful, stimulating, and quietly frightening work. □

Locked Rooms and Open Doors: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, 1933-35
Harcourt, 352 pp., $7.95

THE URGE TO DISENGAGE

PATRICIA S. COYNE

This third volume of the letters and diaries of Anne Morrow Lindbergh finds the author struggling to recover from the kidnapping of her first son and readjusting to the birth of her second.

The first section of the book follows the Lindberghs on a semitherapeutic flight around the Atlantic in search of new air routes. And although here the diaries are largely preoccupied with navigation, we see glimpses of the author's personal problems, which later become the dramatic core of the book. There is her fear of flying and her shame at being afraid. And on the frequent stops there is her shyness with strangers combined with a desire not to disappoint (the Lindberghs were still international heroes) and her desperate attempts to compensate the public for her husband, who was not socially shy but merely disinclined.

Back home, they take up residence at the Morrows' rolling New Jersey estate, the one place that offered privacy and the very necessary security for their baby.

And it is during this period in her life, although it is incompletely recorded in her diaries, that Mrs. Lindbergh came close to a nervous breakdown. Many of the entries were destroyed, others edited, so that we see not so much a personal disintegration as the despair of a young woman who doubts that she can prove to herself that she is a valuable person. She wants to become a writer, but is hampered by a combination of lack of confidence, her role as wife and mother, and her duties as daughter in a socially prominent family.

By modern standards, *Locked Rooms and Open Doors*, although it dramatizes the difficulties of the female artist, and although the author thought of herself as a feminist, is not a feminist tract. For one thing, in these admittedly edited diaries, Charles Lindbergh is a shadowy figure, for long periods barely mentioned. Thus, it might be assumed that the omissions conceal marital difficulties and put him in an unfavorable light. And when his wife does mention him it is only with the most fervent admiration. It's an attitude and a reticence alien to the modern feminist. And although the author has, one suspects, compromised artistic honesty for the old-fashioned virtue of marital loyalty, that loyalty is a virtue nonetheless.

But an even more important difference between this book and the typical feminist approach is that Mrs. Lindbergh thinks of her problems as coming from within herself. Her constant lament is that she is not stronger, braver, more capable. Where a modern feminist would have blamed social conditions, Mrs. Lindbergh blames her own character. And whether she is right or wrong, since the author does not feel put upon, there is a refreshing absence of the modern whine.

But probably the strongest theme is the author's attempt to disengage herself from society, to find a peaceful place. It is a theme that is constant in her work and comes through even more forcefully in later writings like *Gift from the Sea*. And it is this largely unsuccessful struggle for serenity that gives the book its force and tension.

"I realize that I avoid people because people mean so much to me. They throw me off keel so easily—anyone does. To remain steady I must keep away from them."

And later in her diary a single entry: "A wonderful day—alone all day and night."

This urge to disengage is not a modern urge. Just now we look for self-fulfillment through involvement. But Mrs. Lindbergh harks back to an earlier, transcendental age, when an artist felt that he could take a flower or a seashell or the pattern of the trees against the sky and find wisdom and strength and peace.

Modernists would see in Mrs. Lindbergh's preoccupation with solitude and serenity, during a time when men moved through bread lines, a self-indulgent luxury. Still, although my argument would never convince an activist, given the choice between marching and watching the pattern of the waves on the sand, I'll sit with the wave watcher. He's causing harm to no one and he's probably doing himself quite a bit of good.

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And I found myself hoping very much that through the war and the social upheaval that were to come, Anne Morrow Lindbergh could find for herself and her family the quiet place she so desperately wanted. The final volumes of diaries will be published eventually. I'll read them, if only to see if she did. □

Lincoln Steffens: A Biography
By Justin Kaplan
Simon & Schuster, 380 pp., $10

MUCKRAKER'S PROGRESS

ROBERT W. MERRY

If the campus rebels of a few years ago had taken the trouble to study the history of twentieth century American thought, they probably would have recognized their spiritual father in the subject of this book. He was, after all, advocating student power at Harvard in 1915 and proclaiming his faith in the lofty intentions of Lenin and Stalin long before the recent student flirtations with Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh.

But of course the student movement of the 1960s wasn't based, to any significant extent, on a reading of twentieth century American history, or of anything else for that matter. And that helps explain the movement's failure to recognize its ideological debt to Lincoln Steffens, a leader of the radical movement back in the days when the radical movement was to be taken seriously.

Those days, though, are far removed, separated from today by such events as the German-Russian nonaggression pact, the cold war, and America's resolve that whatever Steffens saw during his celebrated mission to the Soviet Union should not become the future of Western civilization. Steffens, described by Max Eastman in 1936 as "a pillar of the Stalinist church in America," has been neglected even by those intellectuals who are his spiritual descendants.

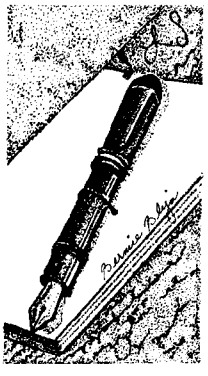
But now comes Justin Kaplan with a brilliantly written and thoroughly researched biography that helps a great deal in placing into perspective the long journey of this complex man through a complex era.

It is easy to dismiss Steffens as "the Pied Piper of the Kremlin," writes Kaplan, but such a view ignores the fact that he "represented a thoroughly native tradition of grass-roots, homegrown, pragmatic radicalism." And, he adds, in this era of Ralph Nader, Mylai, and Watergate, Steffens' early accomplishments with the muckrake are likely to receive renewed attention and respect.

No doubt. But, in his rush to praise Steffens, Kaplan ignores some of his own research. He denies, for example, that Steffens' heterodoxy was the product of dogmatism, naiveté, or deception of self and others. But his own portrayal indicates that Steffens became singularly dogmatic in his rejection of liberal values, that he was exceedingly naive about the Russian revolution, and that he continually deceived himself and those closest to him.

Those traits, in fact, go a long way toward explaining how a man who had the benefit of a university education in Imperial Germany, who toiled under Godkin at the *New York Evening Post*, and who helped launch the political career of Theodore Roosevelt eventually became the man who returned from Lenin's Russia with the utterance, "I have seen the future, and it works."

STEFFENS' experiences as a muckraker, Kaplan tells us, taught him it wasn't enough merely to replace the bosses with reformers. The reformers had to be strong men, like Cleveland's Tom Johnson, or the experiment would fail. And he also concluded—after an army of reform mayors he had helped install in 1905 was ousted by the voters in 1909—that Upton Sinclair and other impatient muckrakers who advocated fundamental social changes might be right, after all. It wasn't surprising, therefore, that when a strongman revolutionary emerged in Russia Steffens found him irresistible.



Steffens' temperament is well illustrated by a simple event in his private life that is touchingly narrated by Kaplan. Steffens, in his late fifties, decided to marry Ella Winter, the young scholar who was soon to give birth to their son. First, though, he had to terminate his long liaison with Gussie Burgess, who had been secretly engaged to him during their Berkeley days and who reappeared in his life after the death of his first wife. Steffens, Kaplan tells us, openly acknowledged his selfish behavior toward Gussie and thus spared his insecure former lover the conclusion that her own intellectual and temperamental inadequacy had doomed their relationship. "He finally succeeded in muckraking himself," writes Kaplan. "He had laid his shame more bare than the shame of the cities . . . had recounted intricate deceptions of self and others. But, like muckraking as he had practiced it, exposure of this sort led to no structural changes, did not alter in the least the laws of his personality but merely showed how they worked." □

Roger Casement
By Brian Inglis
Harcourt, 448 pp., $8.95

BRITISH CONSUL, IRISH MARTYR

LINDA BRIDGES

Now that the Irish Question has resolved itself into the Ulster Question, it is especially good to have this biography of Roger Casement. The author, like his subject, is an Ulster Protestant, and one of the things he has done in *Roger Casement* is show how an Ulster Protestant can also be an Irishman. Historically, regardless of what Ian Paisley may imply, there is nothing unusual about a Protestant nationalist; Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel, Charles Parnell were all Protestants. What sets Casement apart is that he was knighted for services to the British Empire before being hanged for treason.

In fact, had the British not, with the stupidity they displayed throughout their handling of the 1916 Easter Rising, made Roger Casement a martyr,

Robert W. Merry *writes for the* Denver Post.

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he would be remembered today less as an Irish patriot than as the man who exposed the Belgians' atrocities in the Congo and the Peruvians' atrocities in the Putumayo. It was Casement's report that finally broke Leopold's stranglehold over the Congo; his Putumayo report caused less of a stir, but won Casement his official knighthood (Joseph Conrad, among others, had dubbed him unofficial knight errant long before).

Considering that Casement is one of Ireland's patriot heroes, he is not given much mention in standard histories of the Irish separatist movement and biographies of its leaders, for the simple reason that he was *not* one of its leaders. He did support it for most of his adult life—by giving money, when he had it, and by writing for its publications—and he arranged for the gunrunning in 1914 that proved to be the first decisive step toward the 1916 Rising. But he was never one of its policymakers. In the first place, he was always somewhere else: in Africa; in South America; in the United States, trying (with little success) to collect money for Ireland; and finally in Germany, trying (and failing dismally) to recruit Irish POWs for the separatists.

In the second place, for all his brilliance—which was considerable—Casement was never completely successful in anything. His Congo report, influential though it was, was greatly weakened by Foreign Office editing—Casement had gone off to Ireland instead of staying in London to oversee publication. He went to South Africa during the crucial last half of the Putumayo hearings. In America, although the fundraising failure was mostly not his fault, his sentimental pro-Germanism did not win him friends. In Germany, he did not realize that the Irishmen he was trying to recruit had joined the British Army before the war even began, and would regard his proposal as an invitation to treason. These failures of judgment and failures to finish what he had begun were due in large part to his attacks of neurasthenia and depression. And for these, Mr. Inglis advances a partial explanation based on the "black diaries."

Allegedly written by Casement, these diaries are a lurid record of homosexual adventures over a period of years. Ever since the Home Office used them in 1916 to discredit Casement and defuse efforts to get him reprieved, there have been charges that they were forged. Mr. Inglis believes they were not forged, and defends that position convincingly. (Examination by a handwriting expert might settle the question, but the Home Office has for some reason not permitted it.) Mr. Inglis suggests that it was Casement's need to conceal his homosexuality—his need to live a double life—that caused or aggravated his emotional disorders.

Although Mr. Inglis does try to answer this and other questions, he has not written a Strachey-style biography: he interprets, but will leave a gap rather than fill it with fiction. This makes *Roger Casement* a less lively book than the other sort, but a good bit more reliable. It is based heavily on primary sources—letters by and to Casement; recollections of his cousins, Elizabeth and Gertrude Bannister; contemporary newspaper accounts; the diaries—and is beautifully indexed. And, in contrast to many scholarly books, it is gracefully written, making it accessible to the nonspecialist despite its length.

Like most biographers of the 1916 rebels, however, Mr. Inglis tends to be partisan not only to the separatist cause, but to a particular strategy. He leans toward Casement's opposition to the Easter Rising and, I believe, does not give Pearse and Connolly sufficient credit for foreseeing precisely how a military failure could be a psychological success.

Still, Mr. Inglis' is the first biography of Casement written since the black diaries and the relevant Foreign Office files were opened for public inspection. This new material, plus the quality of the writing and the scholarly approach, makes it at present the definitive biography of the strangest of the 1916 rebels. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

EL ALAMEIN TO THE RIVER SANGRO & NORMANDY TO THE BALTIC, *by Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein (St. Martin's 421 pp., $15).* Montgomery has always rubbed a great many people the wrong way. The wiry, irascible Marshal has never suffered fools gladly and yet many of his critics accuse him of being something of a crank himself, overstressing the mystique of the commander in the age of mechanized, depersonalized warfare. Nevertheless, his military writing is good, sharp (albeit rather dry) reportage of the British regimental history sort, and the reissue of his chronicles of the African and European campaigns in this attractive new edition is welcome. Eighty pages of maps and diagrams and a good selection of photographs help justify the rather hefty price of this *réchauffé* bit of militaria, and one can only regret that nearly all of the American, British, and German senior officers who might respond with contradictory views are either dead or mentally 'round the bend.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

VICTORIAN PEOPLE AND IDEAS, *by R. D. Atlick (Norton, 338 pp., $10).* Although intended merely as an introduction to the cultural background of English Victorian letters, this book provides more than its foreword might seem to promise. It presents a series of well crafted essays on Victorian society, broadly ranging over a multitude of topics. Parliamentary reforms, the power struggles between Tories and Liberals, economic changes, the religious renewal within the Anglican and dissenting churches, sexual mores, and the spiritual and scientific impact of Darwinism, all lie within its compass. The work, though by no means original, treats with the appropriate respect the views of such scholars as Elie Halévy and G. D. H. Cole. One section discusses the convergence of Utilitarian and Evangelical ideas in shaping the dominant mind set of middle class Victorians. Despite the divergent starting points of the Utilitarians—one being secular and materialistic and the other scripturally oriented—both stressed "the sacrifice of immediate pleasure" and the dignity of labor. Atlick also finds a link between the emergence of Victorian morality and the persistence of eighteenth century rationalism. Once past the individualism of the Romantics and the debauchery of the Regency, mid-nineteenth century Englishmen sought a return to the sharply ethical focus of Enlightenment thought. Utilitarianism and Evangelicism, each in its own way, satisfied this need. The book does contain one irritant, a tendency to sermonize on issues currently fashionable. Carefully listing the sexist practices of Victorian England, it then attributes the supposedly rampant emotional disorders of upper and middle class ladies to "an unnaturally sheltered and restricted existence." One might wonder why such afflictions have not become any less prevalent among their modern counterparts, now increasingly emancipated. Atlick also swallows without reservation Engels' account, written in the 1840s, of working class misery, proclaiming his description as true "in all its sickening but verifiable detail." Although material privation certainly did exist, the detail referred to was the work of a highly partisan parliamentary commission intent on discrediting the Liberals then in power. Despite such lapses, and even despite the attempt to impose an invidious, though inaccurate, context on Burke's remark about "the swinish multitude," the scholarship remains basically sound. And the volume does make for fast and agreeable reading.

PAUL GOTTFRIED

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 680)

with coal burning engines, before airconditioning.

Berkeley, Calif THOMAS H. JUKES

It was with the greatest interest that I read the April 12 *NR* editorial entitled "Resignation and the Constitution."

The writer is in error when he says that the constitutional provision reading "In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President . . ." appears in Article II, section 5.

There is no Article II, section 5 in the United States Constitution. The provision appears in Article II, Section I, paragraph 5. Boy, I never thought I would catch you smart guys and have the opportunity to set you straight. Mummy will be proud.

Livingston, Calif. MICHAEL MCGUIRE

Following or Leading?

In Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s otherwise excellent reports from Africa ["On the Right," April 12], I wish to take issue with what I regard as the unacceptable implications of his statement about Ian Smith: "Actually he is no more a white supremacist than George Wallace proved to be, when the social attitude changed."

I have resided in the South since 1946 and have had an opportunity to observe as well as be deeply involved in the process of social and political change. I am now more convinced than ever that the electorate has been, and is, the victim of the quality of its leadership. People have generally been ready to respond to positive, constructive leadership but have more often been the victims of the demagogues. (It will not help to rehash the "chick or the egg" dilemma.)

At the very least, if a politician's behavior is to be excused on the basis that "social attitudes" will not sustain different behavior, it strikes me that there is a hopeless impasse offering no prospect for breaking the chains that bind us.

Jackson, Tenn. H. O. FORGY JR.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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BOWLING

(Continued from page 698)

most souls imagine mankind as being split by tragic and irrevocable conflicts, and they find tenacious hatred directed at themselves to be somehow absurd. While Israeli troops were moving back away from the Canal and into the desert, Mrs. Meir herself was telling an American television audience how certain it is that the Arab-Israeli problems will somehow go away in the glow of regional economic development, with Israeli engineers directing Arab farmers and laborers toward a new day in a spirit of love and mutual aid.

Will the United States push Israel into a series of little Munichs, each of them leaving Israel weaker than before, until the *coup de grâce* can be administered? Possibly, but not likely. At some point, the Americans, stimulated by the powerful American Zionist movement, will try to call a halt. In fact, they may try to call a halt over and over again in the course of years. The oil embargo will be reimposed, the military pot will begin to boil, and the Russians will make threats. Over a period of time, the Americans may try to buy time with further concessions, or they may stand fast and probably end up by having to put up or shut up when the Russians send troops into the area. One thing is certain; unless the military capability of the U.S. is growing relative to that of the Russians, every delay in the showdown makes more likely the prospect of an ultimate Russian victory.

What alternatives did the U.S. have in October? None is very attractive, but one scenario might have worked out: the U.S. blocks a ceasefire and forces the Russians not to intervene directly; the Israelis destroy the materiel of the Egyptian and Syrian armies, blow up the docks of Alexandria and Latakia, occupy Cairo and Damascus for a few days, and paint six-pointed stars all over the Aswan Dam. They then ostentatiously withdraw, calling for peace negotiations and promising, from strength rather than putative weakness, to give back most of Sinai, the Gaza Strip, and most of the West Bank, and to set up an international control of the Holy Places in Jerusalem in return for nonaggression pacts, recognition, and diplomatic relations.

But we are straying from the purpose of this discussion, which is to point out that if the U.S. has scored a diplomatic triumph in the Middle East we have a strange new definition of triumph. It is further to point out that except in the unlikely event that the U.S. hands over Israel to its enemies as we were asked to hand over Saigon, the oil embargo will be reimposed and the peace will be broken or nearly broken in the Middle East repeatedly. In the eyes of the Arabs, Uncle Sam gave way with the knife of the embargo at his throat. It would be stupid not to put the knife there again if the United States stops putting pressure on the Israelis.

An Administration is in Washington which is sorely beset by all kinds of domestic issues. The necessity to pull rabbits out of the foreign affairs hat will be more and more compelling for that Administration. It will be all too easily comprehended how tempting it is for the government to present a temporary withdrawal of the embargo as a solution to the energy crisis, to draw down reserves in the assumption that Arab supplies will continue to pour in, and to end pressure for various fuel conservation measures in the desperate hope that tomorrow will take care of itself. The tragedy of such an attitude would be compounded if the public were to gobble down such assurances and refuse to recognize the somber probabilities. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Willy Brandt's Untold Story

On The Right

New York, June 2—I have information on the matter of Willy Brandt that has received inadequate attention, perhaps because it has been treated as highly confidential.

The published story is that Willy Brandt resigned from office because his intelligence people discovered that Günter Guillaume, an intimate and perhaps his closest aide, was in fact an East German Communist spy. Rather than fight to vindicate himself—so the story goes—Brandt elected to show that famous Prussian manliness by resigning his office, while the editorial organs of the world sang his praises and the curtain closed on *Götterdämmerung*.

It is, according to people in Germany supposedly in the know, a little more complicated than that.

Early in 1973—i.e., *18 months ago*—the intelligence agency of the West German government solemnly approached Chancellor Brandt and told him that Günter Guillaume was a Communist agent. The news was altogether stunning. It was as if the CIA had approached Richard Nixon to tell him that Alexander Haig was an enemy agent. Brandt not only refused to accept the word of his intelligence agency, he ordered that it should be suppressed—I don't know the German word for it, but here they call it a coverup. Brandt demanded "incontrovertible proof" against Guillaume.

This proof was finally furnished early in the year. But at that point Brandt persisted in refusing to fire him. This time he said that to do so would be to shed light on his failure to fire him earlier and, if this transpired, his government would very probably fall. He did not desire his government to fall for all the usual reasons that run through red-blooded politicians, but there was an extra reason besides. Some time before he became Chancellor, Brandt had a liaison with a German lady who—would you believe it?—was also an East German spy. But this lady, swooning in the arms of the leader of the Social Democratic Party, told him that great big beautiful Willy had converted her away from Communism, to social democracy. Unfortunately, not long after Brandt became Chancellor, the lady, who in the meantime had gone to work for West German intelligence, announced her intention of publishing her memoirs. She suggested one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would overcome her desire to write. I don't know what they call that in German, but here they call it blackmail. So apparently Willy Brandt, who didn't have one hundred and fifty thousand of his own dollars sitting about, ordered the intelligence agency to pay over the money to the lady. I don't know what they call that in German, but here they call it malversation, corruption of federal agency, and all kinds of ugly words, of which Mr. Anthony Lewis keeps the master file.

This proved to be too much, and a few of the close friends of Willy Brandt who are not Communist agents, apparently told him he had to go. The alternative was really too much to contemplate. For one thing, no one could think of a West German secret of the past few years that had not been fondled by Günter Guillaume. When he was finally arrested, the Moscow press devoted only three lines to the story and did not deny that Guillaume was one of theirs. The inner circle now told Brandt that things were getting so bad, if he didn't resign he might very well face—arrest.

So he went. And the press of the Western world gave him fine tributes. The *New York Times* even permitted itself to wonder whether Brandt hadn't been set up by his right wing enemies at home, and reminded us of all the enemies of Willy Brandt's cherished *Ostpolitik* that skulk about the corridors of Bonn. So Brandt strode off the national stage—as far as our press is concerned—something of a hero, making a huge personal sacrifice in expiation of an administrative error that could happen to just plain anybody.

But just plain anybody, by the calculations of, say, Archibald Cox, or Leon Jaworski, was guilty of treasonable neglect and grand larceny. □

THE DEBATES IN CANADA

New York, June 4—Mr. Pierre Berton of Canada leads a life almost inexplicably productive, as an author, analyst, and (dread expression) television personality. He is currently concluding a year's experiment in an unusual format. It is called the Great Debates. These are between two different contenders, once a week.

The format leaves much to be desired—the opening speaker is given exactly four minutes to state his case (in four minutes I could not adequately explain the case for, or against, Post Toasties). But hark this interesting innovation. The studio audience of about 200 is polled before the debate begins on its views of the subject to be debated. It is then polled at the end of the hour-long exchange, which goes on, from the brief opening statements, to a colloquy between the speakers and then to questions taken from the floor. Then the "victory" is given to the side that has moved votes in its direction.

I SAW, in the control room, an interesting exchange, before going on the mat myself, between Mr. Gay Talese and a Mrs. Whitehouse from England, on the subject of obscenity laws. Mr. Talese is the superb journalist, chronicler of the *New York Times*, and after that the Mafia, who has been engaged for several years in researching—by all accounts lustfully—the general subject of Sex in America. For this book he will be paid a huge sum of money, and it is the general assumption in New York publishing circles that they are only now waiting for *The Joy of Sex* to fall from its semipermanent perch on top of the bestseller list, to announce Mr. Talese's replacement.

The arguments are pretty much familiar, and Mr. Talese was the better debater. But along the way (in the estimate of his adversary) he showed an apparent indifference to pornography's getting into the hands of children, and this—one gathers—had an effect on the audience: so that when the vote was taken, there was a movement of about 5 per cent in the direction of Mrs. Whitehouse who, therefore, "won" the debate.

My devotion to lost causes being these days in full stride, I defended the proposition that the progressive feature of the income tax should be repealed. I.e., that there should be a straight tax—

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across the board; as with cigarettes and whisky.

I thought it interesting that the resolution should be considered at all. I do believe that only a few years ago a proponent of any such thing would have been treated by a general audience about the way Shockley is treated in the colleges. There not only do they reject his arguments, they reject the suggestion that they should listen to them.

To take the conventional view was Mr. René Levesque, an amiable socialist from Quebec, who, I gather, alienated the audience by thanking Mr. Berton for inviting "two foreigners" to debate. This, in the view of some members of the audience, was an arrantly opportunistic blow for French separatism in Canada, extraneous to the issue at hand. But Mr. Levesque had room to spare, the audience having declared itself better than two to one in favor of progressive taxation. At the end of the evening there was glorious movement toward impartial taxation: not enough to form a majority, but movement just the same, and that induces such a nice sensation, I think I shall propose to Mr. Talese that a new room be added to the pleasure domes, wherein the client is permitted to win a debate.

Repeal the progressive income tax! It sounds sort of Birchite, not to say anarchistic. It is hard to attract attention to such radical good sense, even though the research is there abundantly to prove that the principal reason for the progressive tax is not to help the poor but to hurt the rich, even though the figures are also there to prove that by trying to hurt the rich you hurt the poor. How exciting it would be for a strong and self-assured country (Canada?) to be bold enough to rediscover the rule of law, reject the idea of class hostility, acknowledge the economic data, and be guided on this matter, as on others, by my advice. □

A TEACHER AMONG CRIMINALS

New York, June 12 — Mr. Hugo Park of the *Atlanta Journal* has the good sense to read the *FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin* where recently he saw an account of the extraordinary experiences of one George L. Kirkham, assistant professor of criminology at Florida State University, from which account I put together the following . . .

Dr. Kirkham apparently decided that as a professor of criminology, he lacked something, namely, police experience. Accordingly he took time off and attended the police academy. Having done so, he was assigned the regular work of a patrolman. By his own account, he will not be the same again. "I had personally been of the opinion," writes Dr. Kirkham, "that police officers greatly exaggerate the amount of verbal disrespect and physical abuse to which they are subjected in the line of duty." Well, the police do not tend to overstate, Dr. Kirkham discovered. Notwithstanding that he approached his—clients? patients?—with exaggerated civility, he was seldom repaid in kind. "Excuse me, sir," he said to a barroom brawler, "but I wonder if I could ask you to step outside and talk with me for a minute?" That was very nearly the end of Dr. George L. Kirkham, whom the brawler turned on, intending mayhem.

Soon after his tour of duty began, he told someone double-parked in a crowded thoroughfare to move his car. He refused. So our hero told him he was under arrest. Whereupon the double-parker raised a Saturday night crowd by shouting and yelling that the police were harassing him. "An hysterical woman unsnapped and tried to grab Kirkham's revolver and an angry mob converged on the two officers," Mr. Park writes. "Fearing for his life, Kirkham pressed the hidden release button on the shotgun rack." Meditating on the incident, Kirkham later wrote: "How readily as a criminology professor I would have condemned the officer, who was now myself, [for] menacing an 'unarmed' assembly with an 'offensive' weapon." A complaint was filed against the double-parker who very nearly caused a riot. "I felt bitter when I saw this individual . . . back on the streets the next night, laughing."

Dr. Kirkham discovered something we all know in the abstract, but take little into account. "As a criminology professor, I had always enjoyed great amounts of time in which to make difficult decisions. As a police officer, however, I found myself forced to make the most critical choices in the time frame of seconds rather than days: to shoot or not to shoot, to arrest or not to arrest, to give chase or let go—always with the nagging certainty that others, those with great amounts of time in which to analyze and think, stood ready to judge and condemn me for whatever action I might take or fail to take."

Coming off duty one night, exhausted from a *French Connection* type car chase, Kirkham and another patrolman headed for a restaurant when they heard a sound of breaking glass at a nearby church. "[We] spotted two long-haired teenaged boys running from the area. . . . I asked one for identification. He sneered at me, cursed, and turned to walk away. The next thing I knew I had grabbed the youth by the shirt and spun him around, shouting, 'I'm talking to you, punk!' " Dr. Kirkham has the grace to recall one of his standard lectures back at Florida State U. It goes: "Any man who is not able to maintain absolute control of his emotions at all times has no business being a police officer."

He is a wiser man, and wishes others who lecture on criminology would share his experience. "When I put the uniform of the police officer on, I lost the luxury of sitting in an airconditioned office with my pipe and books, calmly discussing with a rapist or armed robber the past problems which had led him into trouble with the law. Such offenders had seemed so harmless in the sterile setting of prison. The often terrible crimes which they had committed were long since past, reduced like their victims to so many printed words on a page." It is curious that everyone in America who practices the profession of instructing everyone else on the subject of ghetto life advises us all that we should cross the tracks and see what conditions there are really like, which is good advice. It is not often that comparable advice is given to those whose knowledge of crime is circumscribed by poetic admiration for the decisions of the Warren Court. Dr. Kirkham may have discovered that he has choleric weaknesses, but he is an honor to his profession. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Her rivals would have spelled her down — 25 117 205 151 179 77 100 136

B. One versed in the rudiments of the Arian controversy — 32 38 74 170 186 189 217 64 71 95 101

C. What the Windy City's rivals might drink — 105 154 206 107 164 124 194

D. What Queen Victoria learned to speak — 59 5 15 75 93 114 118 126 150 175 192 199

E. This might cause a Highlander to fling — 63 52 103 110 116 161 48 73 80 135 169

F. An Irish poet and dramatist — 85 180 14 165 212

G. Something resembling a common language (but not in common use) — 108 68 72 90 131 137 157 162 173 184 215 1

H. A pioneer route from near Independence, Missouri, to Fort Vancouver, Washington — 125 37 83 119 127 133 139 201 3 99 109

I. The word that proved the Ephraimites were not in the mainstream — 11 53 57 62 21 41 92 20 47 87

J. Even a poor word hunter can dig it with this — 128 106 172 70 55 134 141 177 191 223

K. A taxi in reverse, plus a confused commuter, equals a ship of the desert — 35 121 23 153 138 104 155 176

L. An American writer (1837-1902) — 54 208 122 167 178 43 147 129 7

M. Inspiring reverential fear — 76 202 196 181 142

N. What the poor athlete was — 120 2 13 26 79 86 94 115 166 182

O. What the *Times* is called — NOT the *New York Times* — 4 9 17 33 78 81 28 49 56

P. Unscramble the day before September first, to get a deceptive goal or hope — 132 19 51 88 112 159 187 193 29 42 46

Q. What Nathan called Bathsheba — 149 8 183 168 18 44 65

R. A man, born on the day John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, immortalized this stream — 152 45 111 66 207 188 31 197

S. Verne, too, could write science fiction — 158 82 210 130 171 50 96 123

T. Mythical Icelandic hero who married a widow — 195 84 203 213 160 140 10 61

U. Official public proclamation having the force of law — 200 34 224 185 220 211

V. What Bill Buckley started out as — 209 216 24 89 36 98 12

W. An English historian who was familiar with the Attic underground — 16 67 60 145 22

X. Jack Horner was this — 156 144 190 226 174 91

Y. Relatives by marriage who by definition are good citizens — 163 58 204 39 102 27

Z. One of Mark Twain's friends froze his to the ship's deck — 218 148 97 30 221 143

a. A cheaper diversion than going to the races — 113 6 40 69 222 198 146 214 219 225

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 716 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	1 G	■	2 N	3 H	4 O	5 D	6 a	7 L	■	8 Q	9 O	10 T	11 I	12 V	■	13 N	14 F
15 D	16 W	17 O	18 Q	19 P	20 I	■	21 I	22 W	23 K	24 V	25 A	26 N	27 Y	■	28 O	29 P	30 Z	31 R	■
32 B	33 O	34 U	■	35 K	36 V	37 H	38 B	39 Y	40 a	41 I	42 P	43 L	■	44 Q	45 R	46 P	47 I	■	48 E
49 O	■	50 S	51 P	■	52 E	53 I	54 L	■	55 J	56 O	57 I	58 Y	59 D	■	60 W	61 T	■	62 I	63 E
64 B	65 Q	66 R	67 W	68 G	69 a	70 J	■	71 B	72 G	■	73 E	74 B	75 D	76 M	77 A	78 O	■	79 N	80 E
■	81 O	82 S	83 H	84 T	85 F	86 N	87 I	88 P	89 V	90 G	■	91 X	92 I	93 D	94 N	■	95 B	■	96 S
97 Z	98 V	99 H	100A	101B	■	102Y	103E	104K	105C	106J	■	107C	108G	109H	110E	111R	112P	■	113a
114D	115N	■	116E	117A	118D	119H	120N	121K	122L	123S	■	124C	125H	■	126D	127H	■	128J	129L
■	130S	131G	132P	133H	■	134J	135E	■	136A	137G	138K	139H	140T	141J	142M	■	143Z	144X	145W
146a	■	147L	148Z	149Q	■	150D	151A	152R	153K	■	154C	155K	156X	157G	■	158S	159P	■	160T
161E	162G	■	163Y	164C	165F	166N	167L	168Q	169E	170B	171S	172J	173G	174X	■	175D	176K	177J	178L
179A	180F	181M	182N	183Q	184G	185U	186B	■	187P	188R	189B	■	190X	191J	192D	193P	194C	195T	196M
197R	198a	■	199D	200U	201H	■	202M	203T	204Y	205A	206C	207R	208L	209V	210S	211U	212F	■	213T
214a	■	215G	216V	217B	218Z	219a	■	220U	221Z	■	222a	223J	224U	225a	226X	■	■	■	■

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Milliken Carpets cover a

Landmark Inn, new high-rise motel in Myrtle Beach, S. C., features Milliken carpets in all public areas. PALACE LIGHTS pattern, shown, was chosen for its colorful design and costly look at reasonable cost.

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